

MANALONE : A MORALITY

PERSONS OF THE PLAY :

MANALONE

HEART'S-HEART (His higher self) }
PAIN } *Dwelling with Manalone.*

NATURE

YOUTH }
POETRY } *Attending on Nature.*

KNOWLEDGE

SCIENCE (Self-styled) . }
PHILOSOPHY (So-called) . } *Hangers-on of Knowledge.*

LOVE, *A Pilgrim*

FRIENDSHIP }
DEATH } *Accompanying Love.*

THE FISHERMAN

Choruses attending NATURE, KNOWLEDGE, and LOVE.

SCENE : The Garden of Manalone's Soul : Three steps extend across the stage, advanced to a semi-circle in the middle. Above the steps, and beyond the terrace, are trees bearing fruit, and flowers, and in the centre a throne with canopy and heraldic device : A flambeau proper per pale, with motto, *Nonnisi Altissimo*. Below the steps, to R and L, are stone niches or seats for Heart's-heart and Pain. In a recess behind the throne, separated by a curtain from the rest of the stage, is a life-size recumbent figure of the dead Christ, and behind this a large Cross.

The stage is enclosed with curtains or hangings. The front curtain of the stage is drawn across, not raised or lowered.

MANALONE.

Enter, before the curtain, PILGRIM LOVE as PROLOGUE.

LOVE Gentles, I am the Pilgrim Love who come
 To tell, of this our play, the simple sum :
 Here presently ye shall see Manalone,
 His soul's fair garden, and its empty throne.
 With him dwells Pain, who since his life began,
 His fellow was ; for he is mortal man.
 Then, at his side is one he calls Heart's-heart,
 Who is his own self's best and truest part.
 Now, who must take his throne he doth not know ;
 And ye shall watch high claimants come and go,
 Till on his wakened eyes ye see Love burn—
 Not him who speaks with you, but Love Eterne,

Of whom 'tis this poor Pilgrim's highest claim
To be the shadowy symbol and the name :
For first unto eternal God above,
As saith St. John, is given this name of Love.

Alack ! 'tis true, the sacred name I share
Thus with the Highest goes lightly everywhere,
And things more opposite than heaven and hell
Men utter with the self-same syllable.
But I am innocent Love : from youth to age
'Twixt hearth and altar I make pilgrimage :
Than my fair name there is no holier word
Even upon the tongues of angels heard :
Who scorneth me, or will not let me in,
To the Most High shall answer for his sin,—
Who from His home, a distant Pilgrim, came
To light on Calvary the altar flame.

Bear with me yet a moment while I pray
That ye forget the players in the play,
And with a nimble fancy and goodwill,
Make up our simpleness and lack of skill.
And take it not amiss if where ye be
We actors in imagination see
The varied earth spread out before our ken—
Mountains and rivers and distant cities of men ;
For on the hither side our view is bound
By the high walls of Manalone's garden ground,
Which, for I've told all I was sent to tell,
Ye straight shall see ; and so I bid farewell.

MANALONE (*after drawing from within the curtains of the stage*).

Childhood is past : now are the gates set wide
To let the wonderful world come in like a tide.
Beyond the hills the sky shows faintly bright :
A little, and all the vale shall brim with light.
How many hours I've waited for this hour
Alone here in my soul's hushed garden bower,
Watching my fruits slow-ripening on my trees,
Feeling my own life ripen even as these ;
Or dreaming on the great, the strong Unknown
Whom I must set upon my empty throne.
Let him be rich, and one that never tires
Of giving gifts, for I am all desires.
Oh, hasten, dawn ! Light, make more swift increase :
Here in my heart's high garden was too much peace.

PAIN

Peace, Manalone ? Thou hast wept ere now
For my hand's shadow on thy brow.

MAN. A child's tears, Pain : now I could ask thy dart
To ease me of too much happiness of heart.
Yea, do thy worst, and I will still forgive,
For freedom is mine ! and I begin to live.

(leaping up)

The dawn ! the dawn ! day opens like a flower :
So doth my soul—I feel its life, its power.
Heart of my heart, dost thou not feel it too ?

HEART'S-HEART Yea, Manalone, through and through !
And, if the power be true,
Think thee, what shall it do ?

MAN. Do ? what shall it not ? I could seize the whole
Of the glorious world and build it up in my soul !
In place of these few trees with fruitage spare
I will transplant those clambering forests there :
That broad and shining river shall change his bed
To water them : that mountain's icy head
Which melts like frozen air into the sky
Shall pedestal our throne : do I build too high ?

H-H. Nay, but when that is done,
Say, who shall reign thereon ?

MAN. *Nonnisi Altissimo* doth not the legend run ?
None but the Highest : and who that may be
Here in the dawn-light I begin to see.
Nay, I have seen ! Heart's-heart, for an instant's space
Among the lifting mists I saw her face.
The stars wheeled on her brow, and in her eyes
Welcome and warm was the magic of sunrise.
With burden of flowers her breast and arms were sweet
The sea-foam crept to kiss her whiter feet.
For she is Mistress of the world and gives
Life and the joy of life to all that lives :
Nay, Life she is,—the world's spirit and soul ;
As I in my garden here, she is in the whole.

PAIN And art thou then the sole lord here ?—
Of me, for instance, or my spear ?

MAN. O Lady Nature, proud and gentle and wise,
Come, with thy star-crowned brows and mastering eyes !
One only glance of them has hushed my blood
Through all its leaping pulses, to a full flood
Of peace and silence, imaging thy face !
Thy throne awaits thee in my soul's high place.

PAIN Manalone, thou may'st spare thy tongue ;
Thy Lady Nature loves the young.

MANALONE : A MORALITY

To them that have she gives amain :
The weak and aged ask in vain.

H-H. Thy Lady hears thy prayer :
I feel song in the air
Earth, sky, everywhere.

*Enter on the terrace level NATURE, YOUTH, POETRY, with Chorus
which sings :—*

My Lady wakes,
Join hands and sing !
The bluebells ring
Within the brakes :
Join hands and sing,
My Lady wakes !

My Lady smiles,
Come leap and play !
The fields obey
Her magic wiles :
Come leap and play,
My Lady smiles !

My Lady broods,
Be husht and still !
The sunbeams fill
The golden woods :
Be husht and still,
My Lady broods !

My Lady sleeps,
Come die apace !
Her resting-place
The snow-drift keeps :
Come die apace,
My Lady sleeps !

YOUTH Sir, hast thou no words to say
To this Queen who comes thy way ?
I am Youth ; this, Poetry :
At our suit she visits thee.

MAN. I thank thee, gentle Youth ; my heart is weak
With struggling joys too many for it to speak ;
And such near fairness dazzles my aching sight—
Ah, Pain, must thou have part even in delight ?

PAIN In birth as death it is my right.

MAN. Pardon me, Sirs ; praise, as ye well can do,
My Queen for me with praises high and true.

PAIN And I will add a word thereto.

YOUTH This great Lady gives to me
To be glad, and to be free :
Free of all my body's powers
Budded from the flesh like flowers
That upon the close of night
Re-awaken dewy bright :
Glad because my pulses beat
Tuned to hers in concord sweet ;
While on ear, eye, heart and brain
Joys unsought so thickly rain
That a new strange joy is won
From renunciation !

This fair Huntress bids me stand
With my sword of life in hand

Dreaming conquests such as sun
 Never yet has looked upon :
 Dreams, she whispers, turn to truth
 At the burning touch of Youth.

One more gift she hath let fall,
 Sweetest, bitterest of all—
 Half a loss and all a gain—
 Love's delicious joy and pain.
 But I more skill joys to reach
 Than to tell of them in speech :
 Thou who oft hast aided me,
 Aid me now, fair Poetry !

POETRY

Well was Nature's praise confest ;
 But thy faltering praises best,
 Owning that the tongue may tell
 Of her magic, holy spell
 Scarce one stumbling syllable !

When I come, in happy hour,
 On a song of truth and power,
 Well I know it is not mine,
 But, Enchantress, only thine—
 Stolen from the morning lark,
 Or a rivulet in the dark,
 Or the surf upon the sands,
 Or the wind in empty lands,
 Or the silences that cling
 To the sunset's brooding wing !
 When within myself I seek,
 Bidding music wake and speak,
 I can never gain reply
 Till I call my Lady nigh :
 Then her myriad voices clear
 Echo on the inner ear,
 And an answering voice they call
 From the inmost heart of all :
 Blent with hers it issues free,
 And this voice is poetry !

Therefore is my crown of bays
 Not mine, but my Lady's praise.

MAN.

I thank you, Sirs ; but now 'tis surely meet
 I paid my own praise at this Lady's feet.
 Mistress of Life and Vision and all Delight,
 In homage I touch thy garment snowy white.

PAIN

Stay, Manalone, that robe is red !
 With Death, long since, this Lady wed ;

And ever to each willing slave
 His was the gift which last she gave.
 Mistress of life she is in sooth—
 Stern mistress without touch of ruth.
 For no man shall her law be bent,
 Or trespass fail of punishment!
 Can'st thou not feel the live air stir
 With cries of anguish raised to her?
 These myriad voices call in vain—

MAN. And art thou one to gird at suffering, Pain?

PAIN I serve; but thou would'st have her reign.

MAN. Thou serv'st not me: thou makest thy spear keen
 In malice merely. I have this Lady seen:
 Her eyes are gentle: to me she will be kind.

PAIN Seers cannot lend eyes to the blind.

MAN. My Heart's-heart, come! Together we will adore
 This Lady throned in my soul for ever more.

H-H. Doth she no master own?

The Highest must have this throne.

MAN. Youth hath declared her unsurpassed might,
 And Poetry's soul is dark without her light.

H-H. And yet I have not heard
 This Lady speak one word:
 Till she her claim unfold,
 My homage I withhold.

POETRY From her silence all speech springs!

YOUTH And her eyes speak speechless things!

MAN. She answers not: to urge her were disgrace.

H-H. (*taking a steel mirror which hangs at his side*)

This mirror hold a space
 Before thy Lady's face.
 Its question none withstand:
 Come, take it in thy hand.

MAN. Never unshamed have I resisted thee;
 Then may my gracious Lady pardon me.

(*He kneels before the throne, holding up the mirror*)

H-H. Thee I adjure with might
 By the mirror's circle bright,
 This naked soul of man,
 Wherein no falsehood can,
 Unless he will, be seen—
 Tell what thy dark eyes mean!

NATURE

(Rising, while Manalone shrinks back)

The stars in their motion,
The beasts of the earth,
The millions of ocean,
Are mine at their birth.

'Come swift 'ere we perish',
They hunger and cry :
For one that I cherish
A thousand shall die.

I teach soft nesting
To linnet, to lark :
To the stoat his blood-questing
Alone in the dark.

Where weave I my paces
The white lilies throng :
I pass, and their faces
Fade out like a song.

The hills, though I make them,
Shall not remain :
I take them and break them,
And sift them as grain.

The stars in the heaven
Of me ask light :
The Pleiads were seven
Till yester-night.

I read not the wonder
Or worth of my spell :
Of meanings thereunder
But this I can tell—

This only's not hidden
Of all that it saith :
One end there is bidden
To Life—it is Death.

An hour the midge dances,
A day for the rose :
And the sun his bright glances
At length shall upclose.

Higher once the sea bounded
In foam from his lair ;
More swift the stars rounded
Their wheel in my hair ;

MANALONE : A MORALITY

And I, too, I alter
Till cold grows my breast,
Till I stumble and falter,
And pass with the rest.

(She moves to go)

MAN. Ah go not, Lady, in this wildered way ;
Some word of hope, some word of parting say.

NATURE *(Pausing and turning)*
Thou seekest the Highest ?
Then search not afar,
For He is the highest
Of all things that are.

Exit with YOUTH, POETRY, and Chorus which sings My Lady sleeps

MAN. My Queen has gone, and left me here alone
With her dark riddle, and my empty throne.
Now all the freshness of the dawn is spent
And noon glares in a brazen firmament.
Heart's-heart, thy mirror; how should a thing so bright
To loveliness give back but death and night ?
Not here shall end my quest, scarcely begun :
I will pursue it though all its joy be done.
Pain called her sweetness bitter : her lips defamed
The immortal fairness that her eyes proclaimed.
Passion to solve these riddles cannot learn ;
To reason and to Knowledge I must turn.
Knowledge could all the secrecies unroll
Of Nature, and of the Highest, and of my soul.
Nay, and if Knowledge brings me such great gain
He is the Highest, and on my throne must reign.
Where shall I find him ? Canst thou tell me, Pain ?

PAIN
Rightly of me thou seek'st reply ;
Knowledge is near as stern as I :
Yet speedily he comes to all
Who with determined purpose call,
Prepared an eager brow to bend
O'er labours that shall have no end.
If so thou call, I dare to say
He is already on the way.

H.H.
On the near hill I see
A pilgrim company,
There where the road runs straight
From yonder city's gate.
Singing they march along :
Now I can hear their song.

*Enter on the terrace level KNOWLEDGE, SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY,
with Chorus which sings :*

Who takes our name
Must live unblest
By thought of fame
Or hope of rest,
Nor guerdon claim
For an endless quest.

We are builders bold
Of a tower of might :
Though we ne'er behold
Its crown of light,
Let our sons be told
That we built aright.

We are hunters all,
And our prey we track
Where corn grows tall,
Where the glaciers crack :
We may faint and fall,
But we look not back.

We pilgrims are
Since thought began :
To the furthest star
Is our journey's span,
And yet more far—
To the heart of Man.

SCIENCE (*Interposing as Manalone bows to Knowledge*)

I am Science ; if you are in doubt
Here I am ; speak your puzzlement out.

MAN. Science is Knowledge : Sir, pray pardon me,
I have mistook my guest ; this throne's for thee.

SCIENCE Nay, Knowledge is there on your throne ;
But all his sound lore is my own.

MAN. For so great wisdom, Sir, thy looks are young
And I had hoped to hear the famous tongue
Of ancient Knowledge teach. Yet if he will
Thy learned words my empty mind shall fill
While thou dost all the mysteries unroll
Of Nature, and of the Highest, and of my soul.
And first of Nature : I would fain be taught
If she be immortal, or must come to naught.

SCIENCE In Nature, whate'er poets write,
There is nothing but length, breadth, and height.
If within these three walls you remain
You are safe from all dreams of the brain.
As to how long her vigour shall last,
It is clear that it dissipates fast ;
But yet we must hope it is true
That her strength she will somehow renew ;
And this being proved I reply—
She's immortal, and never can die.
How to search for the Highest you ask :
Here you set me an easier task.
If the need of religion you feel
It is to yourself you must kneel ;

MANALONE : A MORALITY

For the world, though it's quite without plan,
 Holds nothing more noble than man.
 Of course of man's body I speak :
 The thing you call soul you may seek
 With scalpel and glass till you're blind,
 And never a trace of it find !—
 For thought is a mere interplay
 Of things we can measure and weigh.

PHILOSOPHY This is more than I know how to bear :
 What next will this fellow declare ?
 True, the soul may be merely ideal,
 But idea's the only thing real.
 Come, Manalone, let me explain
 Your doubts in a loftier vein :
 Whether things which I think that I see
 Such as Knowledge, his throne, or this tree
 Are inside my mind or without
 Is a point of insoluble doubt.
 You, yourself, are perhaps but a thought
 From the stuff of my own being wrought ;
 Or if even *I* do but seem
 Why, then you're the dream of a dream !
 Surely now, if I've made myself clear,
 You will find all your doubts disappear :
 For Nature why trouble your heart
 When she of yourself is a part ?
 Of the soul only this you can know,
 It is thought in perpetual flow.
 And the search for the Highest is done
 If yourself you are all things in one.

MAN. I am bewildered : mean these what they say ?
 Or do their wits for sport make holiday ?

PAIN None safely may with Knowledge bide
 If Wisdom walk not at his side.
 Then ere thou shoulder learning's sack,
 Look madness perch not on the pack.

H-H. Three questions here have I
 To test this wisdom by :
 Science shall answer me,
 Pose thou, Philosophy.
 Now let them be rehearsed,
 And hark ye to the first :
 Those flowers dewy and cool
 Why are they beautiful ?

- SC. They remind you in colour or shape
 Of the food that you ate as an ape.
- MAN. Know'st thou why flowers this name of beauty bear ?
- PHIL. There is nothing is foul or yet fair
 Save just as your thoughts may declare.
- H-H. This also I would fain
 Have answered and made plain :
 Why am I shamed by a lie
 When none knows the truth but I ?
- SC. Your father, he lied and was caught :
 His fear in your brain-cells has wrought.
- MAN. Why may not honour still with falsehood live ?
- PHIL. Just two words the answer will give :
 Cate-gorical Im-pera-tive !
- H-H. This last thing I would know,
 Whence came I, and whither go ?
- SC. By evolution you came
 From the worms : and you go to the same.
- MAN. Canst thou not prophesy a fate more kind ?
- PHIL. You come, and you go, in the mind
 Of a Thinker whom thought cannot find !
- H-H. Each with one truth's possest
 Which hath devoured the rest !
 Not one man nor one age
 Shall spell Truth's crabbed page :
 Seek Knowledge ; he hath store
 Of all the ages' lore.
- MAN. Then shall I now possess him of our throne ?
- H-H. Nay, softly, Manalone :
 Perchance not he may speak
 The mysteries we seek.
- PAIN Many have spent health, heart and brain
 To win these secrets, yet in vain.
- MAN. Pardon me, Sir, that to the false pretence
 Of these thy followers I gave precedence.
 But now of thee, though late, I would beseech
 All that I asked of them, thyself to teach.
 And if thou canst resolve these questions three
 My soul's high Lord and Master thou shalt be.
- KNOWLEDGE Too hard thy task, for he who knows
 How little he can know is wise.
 And easier questions thou must pose,
 Or rest content with half-replies.

MANALONE : A MORALITY

The man that is in haste to learn
 All truth, in vain to me appeals :
 To these wise fellows let him turn
 Who ever flock about my heels :

Self-titled Science here who takes
 My name his royal style to fill,
 Or young Philosophy who makes
 Of me a thing impossible.

One, he can't see his mind, declares :
 The other boasts his mind can't see ;
 And though poor mind her witness bears
 They still must doubt her verity.

If they but this much faith could win
 I might their bitter quarrel mend,
 For I in little faith begin,
 And unto perfect Faith I tend.

Tend, but not reach ; for when I climb,
 Manalone, to the tops of thought,
 And far beneath me space and time
 In shadowy chasms fade to nought,

Sudden I feel upon the dark
 That worlds too bright to see are near,
 And in the unbroken hush I hark
 For songs that are too sweet to hear.

Then sink abashed, bewildered, lost,
 From heights that are for me too high.—
 Blest is the man, whate'er the cost,
 Who finds a Faith to reach them by.

*Exit KNOWLEDGE with SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY, and Chorus
 which sings We Pilgrims are, etc.*

GEOFFREY BLISS.

(To be concluded.)

BIBLES, SOUP, AND SOULS

THE troubles of a Catholic people have more than once afforded an opportunity to the proselytizing Protestant of which he has not been slow to avail himself. The classic instance of this is of course the great Irish famine of 1847, when the people were offered a choice between apostasy and starvation. "God has opened a great door to us in Ireland," is the first sentence of one of the records of a campaign which introduced to the language the words "souperism" and "souper," thenceforth inseparably associated with Protestant proselytism in Ireland.¹ Whatever temporary success these exploiters of suffering may have gained, and at the most it was but small, its results were not permanent: witness the position of Protestantism in Ireland to-day—always of course excepting N.E. Ulster, where Orange bigotry and all that this connotes still prevail—and the frantic appeals for funds on the part of the "Irish Church Missions"—a body which, as our Anglican friends must not be allowed to forget, is a recognized organization of the Church to which they belong and has the active support of Anglican dignitaries. And the opening of the "great door" had another result which can hardly be regarded by Protestants with satisfaction: Bishop Ward sums this up in a sentence when, speaking of "those who had crossed St. George's Channel" he says:

They remained and still remain amongst us to give numbers and importance to our Catholic congregations, and their presence has contributed more than any other cause to the progress of Catholicism in this country.²

The sufferings of the Catholic people of Belgium and France, terrible as they have been, have hardly been comparable with those which in 1847 reduced by tens of thousands the Irish population of Ireland; nor can it fairly be said that the influence brought to bear upon them in antagonism to their religion has been equal in power to that which was engaged in attempting to destroy the Faith in Ireland. In the latter

¹ See for full details an article, "Souperism," in *THE MONTH*, October, 1913: reprinted as a pamphlet by the C.T.S. of Ireland.

² *The Sequel to Catholic Emancipation*, II. 145. Longmans, 1915.

case, the attack was made by a well-organized Society, supported by the influence of men holding high office in the Church of England and by wealthy laymen, who in all sincerity believed that what Ireland needed above all things was the Bible and the religion which claimed to be founded upon it. The proselytizing work among the Belgians and the French is mainly carried on by individuals, helped of course by the various Bible Societies, and occasionally by bodies of little importance, such as the Protestant Alliance, whose monthly magazine varies the garbage served up from different sources for the delectation of those whose mental pabulum it provides, with accounts of unblushing proselytism among Belgian refugees in this country. To do the English people justice, such attempts have met with but little encouragement—on the contrary, every effort has been made to afford the refugees an opportunity of practising their religion; but it is to be feared that the appeal made to bigotry and prejudice has met with a certain amount of support from those who, often through ignorance, are victims of those failings.

The method of proselytism most in vogue takes the form of Bible distribution, and is based upon the assumption that Christian teaching, apart from the printed word, is practically non-existent—in which case the world must have been devoid of such teaching anterior to the invention of typography! This assumption is supported by absolute ignorance of Catholic teaching and practice, even when, as too frequently happens, this is not entirely misrepresented. It is only on this ground that we can explain the attitude adopted by two Americans, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Connor, the founders of "the British and Allied Soldiers' Evangelistic Campaign," which, we are told, will be the centre of a movement for Christ which, in the providence of God, may alter the whole of Belgium's future.

It took its rise in the distribution of "little Gospels in French and Flemish" to Belgian soldiers in London streets, with the result that some were converted and became *Apostles of the Belgian Trenches*—the title of a little book¹ in which Mr. J. Kennedy Maclean records the progress of the work. The enthusiasm with which the Gospels were received is explained in a passage which exemplifies the Protestant attitude alluded to above:

¹ Marshall Brothers, London: no date.

When we remember that 95 per cent. of the men composing the Belgian army had never seen a copy of the Word of God and were entirely ignorant of its contents, we begin to grasp the eagerness with which they approached this new teaching. . . . No one had ever told them of a Saviour's love, and what little they knew about religion was associated with forms and ceremonies that made no appeal to mind or heart (p. 20).

Later on we are told that the Belgians

see in the work which Mr. and Mrs. Norton are doing an illustration of a Christianity which they have never before understood. Hitherto religion has been a matter of lifeless creeds and empty ceremonies; to-day it is pulsating with life and with love (p. 90).

It must be admitted that the new Christianity is presented in a very attractive form. The men "come to London, homeless and friendless":

the Nortons take them in hand, find suitable lodgings for them, attend to their comforts, take them to see the sights of the world's capital, see to their clothes, and in many other ways make their stay pleasant. And last Christmas no fewer than 10,000 Christmas boxes were sent out to the soldier boys in the trenches. That number will probably be doubled next Christmas if the war is still in progress. *Now that is a Christianity which can be understood* (pp. 90, 91).

This form of Christianity paves the way to another: Jean, for example, having "enjoyed his luncheon," was "approached" on "the great subject of surrender to Christ," and when he returned to the front took with him a packet of Gospels (p. 43). Jules wrote

asking for a small gift; this was granted, and in the letter that followed he was told of the "Ligue des Écritures Saintes" and . . . very soon came to direct acceptance of Christ" (p. 50).

The system is shown in its fullest development in the case of Pierre de Wallens, who became "the first apostle to his comrades." He was waiting for his train, having to return to the trenches "that night," when the Nortons met him and ascertained that he had been three months in hospital at Southampton, where he "heard for the first time, from the lips of the chaplain, of a Saviour's love:"

The Nortons took him to their rooms and continued the conversation begun on the street. He told them, in answer to their questions, that he had decided to turn from Romanism to Protestantism, and then, as he was only a babe in Christ, they took some

time confirming and strengthening him in the faith, and showing him the importance of confessing Christ before his comrades, which had not occurred to him before. Of his own acceptance with Christ he seemed perfectly assured, as it was explained to him that it implied a belief from the heart. "Oh, yes," he said, "I have it here in my heart," laying his hand reverently on his heart as he said it (p. 24).

So the Nortons gave him "a large package of French Gospels for distribution amongst his comrades," and accompanied him to the station, "buying him some fruit and sweets on the way."

This account, which incidentally shows how much can be done in the course of what was at most a few hours—for it was "evening" when they met him—is an excellent illustration of the process of conversion, as understood by Protestants of the Norton type:—a pleasant room, a conversation, a packet of Gospels, fruit and sweets, and the work is achieved. The chapter containing this history is headed "Another Apostle named Peter": the first Apostle of that name needed no such material attractions.

It is fair to point out that some of the *convertis* were already Protestants; others, it may be assumed, like Corporal Lambert, had been "reared as" Roman Catholics, but "early left that Church and had no religion" (p. 45). But it is admitted that "the majority of the men in the ranks belong to the Roman Catholic Church" (p. 53); and, this being so, it is distressing to read that through the exertions of one man—"a Protestant, though a nominal one"—

when a census was taken of his Division, to see if there were enough Protestants to have a Protestant chaplain of their own, out of his company there were only five men whose hands did not go up declaring themselves Protestants (p. 60).

It would be interesting to know from a Catholic source how far the statements in the little book can be accepted. In saying this I do not wish to imply any doubt as to the *bona fides* of Mr. and Mrs. Norton; but experience has taught that the accounts of Protestant success in Catholic countries are not to be credited without inquiry. When we read such passages as those quoted above—*e.g.* that "no one had ever told them of a Saviour's love" or that the men "have heard the truth of Christ for the first time" (p. 85), or that "it was new to them" that they had been "redeemed by the Blood of

the Cross" (p. 61)—one may be excused for doubting the accuracy of the writer in other particulars.

Apart from these *obiter dicta* it is right to say that we find in the little book no attacks upon the Catholic religion such as those which form the stock-in-trade of another zealous propagandist—the Rev. Samuel Levermore, the Director, and apparently the "sole begetter" of "the Pioneer Mission to France, for the preaching and circulation of God's Word among French soldiers and civilians," which, "commenced in 1902," has, like its inventor, attained prominence in connection with the War. The results of his missionary labours are set forth in a little volume—published by Mr. Kensit, who has been "a true friend to him from the beginning"—entitled *Miracles in France*. (Incidentally one notes that the Gospel, however valuable it may be as a proselytizing agent, does not seem to be a good advertising "draw": the book was originally announced with "Gospel" prefixed to its title).

Of the author's antecedents we know nothing beyond what he tells us himself. He has travelled, visited America four times—on the last occasion he met "Billy Sunday," "one of the greatest men he ever listened to: for withering sarcasm, the exposure of worldliness and Higher Criticism, his power was simply marvellous"¹—and lectures on Italy: but the chief field of his labours has been France, and especially Brittany, where, in 1914, he "evangelized through each of the five Departments," where he "got mud, stones, curses, contempt and hatred, but, thank God, we got SOULS." As to the last, I take leave to doubt; as to the rest, whatever he may have had in 1914 would, I imagine, be but a feeble anticipation of what he might expect on a return visit if he went to St. Brieuc, should the inhabitants of that town come across his description of it and them; the place, he tells us:

is a stronghold of Popery, and of vice unspeakable. Disease, dirt, drink and degradation, the offspring of Rome, are strongly in evidence. Sensuality in RELIGION and sensuality in VICE. These are seldom separated.²

¹ See *The Christian*, Jan. 27, 1916, p. 16.

² "Occasional Paper" of Pioneer Mission—no date, not paged. I am unable to give any account of the present position of the Mission, as an application for a Report resulted only in the receipt of Baron Porcelli's pamphlet, on *The Pope and the War*, "with Dr. Levermore's compliments." This, however instructive as to "Dr." Levermore's mental attitude, hardly supplies the information asked for.

One of the most notable features of Mr. Levermore's "Occasional Paper" is the testimony which it bears to the revival of religion in France—a testimony which, in view of his antagonism, we may on this occasion be justified in accepting. Before the War

Paul's description of the pagan world in Eph. ii., "without Christ . . . without God, and without hope," faintly described her condition. . . . The millions—the masses—without God. The religious, the Roman Catholic section, worse than the irreligious. The Protestant section chiefly nominal: a large proportion LIBERAL, viz., Socialistic, and more or less AGNOSTIC. The Evangelical section in the Reformed Church is extremely feeble and non-aggressive [failings from which Mr. Levermore is conspicuously free]. The Societies for the spread of the Gospel are very sectarian, with very little effort of an apostolic aggressive order.

This is followed by a denunciation of "the French pastors themselves (there may be exceptions, but I do not know of any)"—in fact the only hope for France lies in the "Église Libre," which is "more evangelistic," and in the "few Baptist churches," and chiefly—this though not stated is implied—in Mr. Levermore and his Pioneer Mission. The reference to the Baptist churches and the presence of Dr. A. C. Dixon and Mr. Thomas Spurgeon on his "Council of Reference" suggest that the Baptist brand of Protestantism is that which Mr. Levermore honours with his patronage.

At present, however,

this war is a great triumph for Rome. The superstition of centuries is prevailing over religious freedom [the results of which are set forth above] and hundreds of thousands are thronging the idol temples and bowing at the feet of the black-robed servants of the great seductress. [Nevertheless] in the midst of this gross darkness a great light has arisen, and God has given us an open door for His Word.

After the war, Mr. Levermore continues,

if it might please God to thrust forth a host of unsectarian evangelists into France, such a movement would spell RENAISSANCE [which Mr. Levermore evidently doesn't know how to spell] from death unto life. The temporary revival of Romanism will be extinguished like the snuff of a candle. During the war men flew to Rome's altars because, alas, they had nothing better. But the fear of death and a possible purgatory having passed, they will

resume their former independence [the results of which have already been quoted]. . . . Our carriage, full of the Scriptures INSIDE and with gospel texts OUTSIDE will then be once more on the scene, and we expect great and glorious results.

It is unnecessary to call attention to the colossal conceit which permeates this and all Mr. Levermore's utterances : we will now turn to the book in which Mr. Levermore narrates the *Miracles in France* which accompanied his ministrations in that country. Of these undoubtedly the greatest is that he and his companions—he was accompanied by the lady “whose companionship, courage, and consecration [!] in [his] long and often dangerous journeys over the mountains of France have been a never-failing source of cheer and inspiration.” (*i.e.*, Mrs. Levermore), and “the noble and talented Miss Henrietta Atherton,” who “pours forth the Gospel out of a full heart”—returned without personal damage, as they seem to have lost no opportunity of reviling the religion which, by his own showing, the people among whom he went for the most part professed. In Brittany, indeed, as we have already seen, he met with a mixed reception, and he indicates (p. 5) that he was “mercifully preserved on several occasions from murderous assaults by the Agents of Rome, the Arch-Murderess.” It is not surprising that they were arrested by the police at Lourdes, but the occasion was turned to good account, for while “in the powerful grip of sturdy policemen,” followed by a “huge crowd”,

during the long march, he gave a *résumé* of the great persecutions—the *auto-da-fé*, the massacre of the Huguenots, the Inquisition, the sufferings of the Vaudois, the Albigenses, and the fires of Smithfield, exhorting the people to flee idolatry and come to God by Jesus Christ (p. 21).

My knowledge of Lourdes does not enable me to say how far the lock-up is from the “main street” of the town where the evangelists were arrested—judging from the number of subjects treated in the “*résumé*,” it must have been, as Mr. Levermore says, “a long march.” That they were “ultimately released” hardly needed saying; but we should like to know under what conditions. The illustration of the incident by that “great artist Harold Short (R.A. London)” whose pictures add to the book a comic element, otherwise lacking, represents the attack by the crowd, led by two priests, upon

Mr. Levermore, who is depicted as carrying a large placard *in English*, on which the words "idolity" (*sic*) and "not bow down" are conspicuous. Any way, there doesn't seem to have been any more preaching, but "the victory was clearly with the word of God"—there are victories which are with difficulty distinguished from defeats.

A similar victory is recorded for Caudebec, where the police stopped Mr. Levermore's singing and preaching, and even refused to allow him to talk to the people, on the ground that his talking was worse than his preaching. The sequel must be stated in Mr. Levermore's own words:

"Well! well! I yield," said I, "and now I'll just walk through the fair and talk to my friends." I started—very slowly, of course. They honoured me with an escort, and I asked no more. What more could one desire? Here was I in a very bigoted Roman Catholic town, preaching God's glad tidings, and being *protected by the police whilst doing it.* (p. 34: italics of original, as are the capitals in other quotations.)

This, however, was not the only result.

When all was over a student sought an interview. "I came from the University of —," he said, "just for a day's diversion, but I have listened to you for five hours, and if what you say is true, all that I have been taught is a lie. I am the hope of my parents, and about to become a priest, but if what you say is true my career is ended. I can bear that, but can you prove what you have said?"

Mr. Levermore was equal to the occasion. The two "strolled along arm in arm" and

the Bible answered all his questions, solved all his problems, met all his difficulties. He was a free man.

It must be admitted, however, that all priests are not as receptive. One of Mr. Harold Short's happiest efforts is the picture of "The Mad Curé," whose reception of the evangelist is thus recorded:

How do the Priests like it? Well, look at this one! A town on a high mountain pass of the French Alps. We present a Gospel of John to the curé. Smiles and genuflections (!) were the order of the day—*until he saw what it was.* Then Oh! what a change in the weather. He cursed me by all the Saints in the Roman calendar. "Very well," said I, "you can shout, and so can I, only with this difference: you shout curses, I the Gospel." Such a babel

of sound had, probably, never been heard on that mountain. The people gathered in wonder. Just the thing! So I turn my back to the curé, and preach Christ to the people (p. 7).

My readers will ask whether Protestants really believe this kind of thing? Incredible as it may appear, I am compelled to assume that they do: anyway the volume is full of it.

The extracts which have been given from his book will, I think, make it evident that Mr. Levermore's statements can hardly be accepted as accurate, even if the traditional grain of salt be added. Dr. Horton—speaking, I think, in haste and with his habitual inaccuracy—once said that I had called him a liar, but I never went beyond pointing out that he was terminologically inexact; and in the same way I should shrink from applying so crude an epithet to Mr. Levermore. But the evidence I now proceed to produce, which, as he has not challenged it, may presumably be regarded as accurate, will, I think, justify the inference that his assertions are not always to be regarded as inspired by that gospel truth which the Pioneer Mission was founded to propagate.

Mr. Levermore's missionary enthusiasm is not confined to France. He undertakes "direct spiritual work" at home; "Gospel Addresses and Bible Lectures" form part of his programme; and he also delivers lectures, on his "Experiences in France with a Gospel Carriage," in the course of which he travelled 10,000 miles. One of these lectures¹ he delivered at a *café* in Plymouth in May of last year, under the auspices of the Plymouth Protestant Committee, the chair being taken by "Inspector of Machinery F. Ford, R.N., supported by various ministers:" "the audience was composed almost entirely of ladies"—the remark of Mr. Weller, senior, concerning a meeting similarly composed at once occurs to the mind. Judging from the report in the *Western Daily Mercury*, from which paper this and all subsequent extracts are taken, the lecturer seems to have been somewhat discursive, ranging from Rome to Clapham Common and taking Brittany *en route*, with a passing reference to what "might happen in Devonshire." "Dr." Levermore seems to

¹ It would appear from the reports of the lecture that at some period between the publication of his book and his appearance at Plymouth a doctorate had been conferred upon Mr. Levermore—whether by Bates University, U.S.A., of which Dr. Clifford is a distinguished alumnus, or by some other equally renowned seat of learning we do not know.

have doubted the swallowing capacity of the Protestant Committee—his wish that “there were a similar committee in every town” is intelligible in view of the fact that he is paid for his lectures—for he said it might be “difficult to obtain credence for some of the things he [says he] saw in Brittany”, and “the chairman said they had heard a good many things they had never heard before, and in this statement the audience seemed to concur;” but neither he nor they seem to have had any doubt of the speaker’s veracity. Probably they had none, for the credulity of the Protestant mind where Rome is concerned is illimitable: those who read the report were more critical, and called in question two of Dr. Levermore’s assertions, which may be cited as evidence of his credibility. Here they are.

The lecturer asserted that when patients in a [French] hospital were visited by a Protestant, a priest followed, and after he had administered extreme unction the patient was asphyxiated by Romish nurses. . . . The Jesuits were hard at work . . . young women were being done to death at Clapham Common and elsewhere, and no mention was allowed to be made of the fact.

The last part of the latter statement has been disproved by “Dr.” Levermore’s public “mention” of what he calls “the fact,” which itself requires no disproof: as one of the correspondents of the paper points out, Clapham Common is no isolated locality and has a police-station close by: if “Dr.” Levermore is in possession of information regarding only one such case—and he indicates more—why did he not communicate it to the police instead of reserving it for a Plymouth audience; by not so communicating it, did he not render himself *particeps criminis*?

Similarly with regard to the asphyxiation of patients by nurses, supposing *per impossibile* that such a thing could occur, was it not his duty to have acquainted the French Government with the fact? Perhaps he thought that those who accepted his other statements about France would take no exception to this; but even they might hesitate to believe that the present French Government is controlled by Jesuits! Another correspondent puts the thing rather neatly:

Surely the doctor takes for granted the gullibility of his audience, or he would not have made such an astounding statement which can only be described as a lie, [to which] the ordinary man in the street would prefix a short but rather telling adjective.

It seems remarkable that a Government official should have presided at a meeting at which such foul and unsupported charges were brought against the hospital authorities of one of our Allies and that, apparently, without any protest ; it would be interesting to know whether any official notice was taken of his presence. It is also to be noted that the Rev. Harold Morton, having been asked to see to the matter of the charges promulgated under the auspices of the Protestant Committee of which he is chairman, wrote a long letter the object of which was to give verisimilitude to the charges, but said that Dr. Levermore was "well able to look after himself." Without doubting Mr. Morton's assertion, it may be pointed out that "Dr." Levermore has not done so—at least so far as his incredible assertions are concerned—and judgment thus goes by default.

What makes this kind of thing so particularly nauseous is that it is promulgated and in many cases invented by those who profess an enthusiasm for Gospel truth, the absence of which from Catholicism is one of their stock accusations. "Dr." Levermore has on the "Council of Reference" of his "Pioneer Mission for the preaching of God's Word," men of position and education in the persons of Dr. A. C. Dixon and Dr. F. B. Meyer. Is it too much to ask that they should suggest to their *protégé* that he should practise as well as present it, coupling with the suggestion a reference to Exodus xx. 16 ?

JAMES BRITTEN.

OUT OF THE STRONG—SWEETNESS

Judges xiv. 14.

WHY should we weep ?—weeping we ask : and yet
We know the shuddering earth on Olivet
With dew of more than tears was wet
That night when agonized our Lord.
We only, whom that dew redeems, regret :
For even the pagan Samurai have set
The butterfly on the sword !

H. W. B.

WRIT IN STONE

IT was in the year 1913 that the great grief of his life befell Austin Jackson, in the rending asunder by death of the union of a perfect marriage. Following close upon the tragedy the prosperous London architect, whose trusted and valued draughtsman he was, had offered him the opportunity of what would practically be his first visit to the Continent. The invalid but dearly cherished wife, from whom he had never cared to spend his holidays apart, together with an exceedingly restricted income, were the explanation of this abnormally untravelled condition in an age of cheap trips. There resulted thence, in Mr. Jackson's case, a certain insularity of point of view and a prejudice somewhat strong in favour of all things British.

Now, however, both as a consolation, if that might be, in his crushing loss, and as a mark of appreciation of the faithful service of many years, his employer proposed a month's tour in Northern Italy, not, it appeared, without regard to the securing of a utilitarian and practical result on his own account. For the completion of a literary work he had planned on domestic architecture, a visit to the Lombard towns surrounding Milan was necessary, and as an important undertaking prevented his own absence from London, he desired Mr. Jackson's services as a confidential and trustworthy substitute. He would then be free to devote himself to the task of persuading his builder to embody for him one of his dreams, by the treatment of a whole street as one architectural whole. His draughtsman, meanwhile, under clearly given instructions, could be depended upon to fulfil all that was required, which was, after all, merely careful and accurate sketching of such Renaissance and mediæval houses as survived in the localities to be intimated.

Mr. Jackson himself had at first, however, responded but half-heartedly to his patron's really generous proposal. If the offer had come in his wife's lifetime and, like Browning, he could have taken his beloved invalid to have found health and fresh life in the Italian sunshine, the joy would have been unspeakable, but now that he was alone the effort needed to step out of the daily round seemed not worth the making. Finally, though still without enthusiasm, overcome by his employer's persistence, he had yielded; possibly because to

acquiesce demanded less of him than to resist. For if the arguments brought to bear were unconvincing, it scarcely became him to contradict. Mr. Jackson, his employer urged, was too young a man to allow the obsession of his loss to destroy his chances in life, and with his scholarly tastes and genuine interest in architecture would profit by a little foreign experience: a prophecy fulfilled in a manner otherwise than that intended by the speaker.

It came to pass, therefore, that on the date arranged Mr. Jackson set out with precise directions to omit from his note-book no specimen of the quaint originality of those sixteenth and seventeenth century houses he would discover, though embedded probably in much stucco. For the London architect was wisely aware of the inspiration to be found from the glory of the civic spirit manifested in those past ages.

Mr. Jackson had also among his modest luggage a note-book, wherein were entered in preparation a few technical headings—"amount of window space," "maintenance of scale," and such like—for the dull ache of sorrow he was painfully suffering must not be allowed to interfere with the scrupulous fulfilment of his obligations. He was grateful, too, to the great man for sending him, in so far as his numbed state allowed him to feel gratitude: fresh surroundings, his acquaintance assured him, would be the best cure for his grief, and Mr. Jackson, though knowing his wound incurable, did not trouble more than in the case of his employer, to contradict.

Yet the beginning of his tour was inauspicious. Arriving in the evening at Milan, where a day was allowed him at the opening and close of his circular journey, he passed his first night in Italy almost sleeplessly. Disturbed by the noises from *café* and wine-shop, persisting until dawn, the few moments of forgetfulness he had enjoyed had been filled with disquieting visions of the dead. The morning, therefore, found him disinclined for sight-seeing, and the lack of the picturesque in the modernized capital was besides a disillusionment.

Even the Cathedral, whose looming wonder had magnetized him the night before, now in its fully revealed beauty made his head ache as he gazed at it from the busy Piazza. Almost blatant in its whiteness against the blue it dazzled and wearied his tired eyes. There was no repose in it such as his own English Cathedrals had always afforded him. Time, at least from this particular point of view, had not quietened

or lessened the daring of this great white witness of penance for bloodshed. It might verily almost have been built yesterday. That no adjectives sufficed for it, but emphasized for Mr. Jackson its disquieting effect: wonderful superlatively, stupendous and incredible in its aerial marble-work it disconcerted his judicial faculty even as architecturally the power of its achievement troubled his mind. He had gathered from his guide-book that in point of style it was bad: that perhaps explained why its size and sumptuousness oppressed him and why, for his staid and orderly temperament, its magnetism was compounded partly of repulsion. Yet he did not lack perception that it was beyond his powers of criticism. Was it not besides one of the embodiments of that strange religion his wife had embraced the last year of her life, puzzling him thereby not a little, since an English religion was for him the fulfilment of a national ideal.

The ascent to the roof of the Cathedral revived him, however, for a new world of space and beauty opened before him as he looked down upon the cities among which his quest would lead him; behind which in the far distance rose the jagged outline of the Alps. He descended with his powers of receptivity satiated for the time being and with no desire to explore the interior of the Duomo. He could not face further possibilities of the overwhelming fatigue which the wealth of detail in sculpture and lace-like decoration without had induced. His mind too was awed by the immensity of space across which he had gazed: it had brought a disquieting realization of the far journey upon which his beloved had fared forth and he craved now the rest of shadow and quiet.

The Church of St. Ambrose promised what he desired. The plain brick basilica with its solemn atrium pleased his innate sense of architectural fitness and before entering he noted professionally, as in duty bound, its unequal campanili and the stunted pyramidal roofs he would discover, during his tour, to be the customary Lombard type.

With little regret for leaving Milan he set out late in the day for Monza, noting on his way with a fastidious shudder the villas, vast, desolate and hideous in the unfortunate taste of the modern Milanese: but as a compensation he found in the town's piazza buildings several centuries old and a picturesque edifice of the trecento, raised upon high pointed archways: his first experience of a real old Palazzo, since he had neglected his opportunities in Milan.

Mr. Jackson's tour thereafter, though somewhat overwhelmingly educative, was marked by no external event of importance, though the beauty amid which he found himself by degrees soothed and healed. He even experienced a slow, tidal return of some of his old quiet enthusiasm for correct and righteous architecture, expressed for him in such sane and classic watchwords as balance and symmetry, simplicity and sincerity. Yet there were days on which it ebbed beyond recovery, leaving his soul desolate. The dull ache of loss to which he was habituated became then an agony and with the locust-like descent of that black devastation architectural interests could not co-exist.

On those days, though Mr. Jackson's concern was not with ecclesiastical architecture, he would, almost mechanically, wander into strange spacious-domed basilicas or spend hours in vast and staid old Gothic churches. Such visits during his normal interludes were relegated, as purely recreative, to the second place. Sacred buildings had to be visited, according to the directions of his guide-book, for the sake of their pictures or tombs: it was part of the ritual of his tour, even as one gazed, as long as one was able, upon such sights as the astounding Certosa of Pavia or the glittering Cathedral façade of Orvieto. But now, goaded by his unrest, though their exteriors might be even more disquieting than that of Milan's *Duomo*, he was drawn into their quiet depths by some hunger he failed to diagnose.

Temples of gay hued marble, rosy, cream and yellow, their façades scintillating as the *Duomo* had scintillated, would challenge him to a joy to which he could not attain and when the blaze and sparkle of the glowing colours shocked him he would repeat irritably Taine's vehement condemnation of "Pagan Catholicism." But this was not wholly because Mr. Jackson's eyes had hitherto been accustomed to and accepted as normal, greys and drabs as the prevalent hues beneath a cloudy sky, for if "Each one sees what he carries in his heart," there was that in his own to annul a joyous response. He believed also in good faith that the gaudiness of these late Renaissance churches was offensive to religious propriety: an insular conception, as he was to discover, to which the Southern temperament pays no respect, finding in the gaiety of beauty an incentive to devotion.

For entering and being plunged forthwith perchance into

a sea of colour, due to frescoes spread over vaulted roof, walls and altar recesses, he would become conscious of an atmosphere of worship totally lacking in his own classic Cathedrals at home; and envy of the folk who so prayed would fill his heart. Sometimes the swell of some wave of devotion—the public recitation of a Rosary, or the chant of a litany—would even bear up his own sad soul.

Recovering from these periods of aberration he would return to trecento and cinquecento architectural ideals co-existing side by side with hideous baroque and frightful rococo. Seated in the broad sunlit space of a grass-grown piazza or of a forsaken courtyard he would sketch Lombard terra-cotta work, old romanesque windows, massive stone balconies crowned by canopies or loggie with slim columns and airy arches. Renaissance buildings too, painted in vivid hues, now that he had been taught not to fear colour, would charm to a forgetfulness of the horrors of modern plastered house fronts.

There were also architectural red-letter days, upon which he discovered the ideal Piazza of the Middle Ages in Cremona and the most perfect Palazzo at Mantua. Steeped thus in the grand harmonies of Lombard Gothic and Romanesque architecture and possessing henceforth mental, individual vision of the campanile-centred towns of Lombardy, he returned for the last day of his tour to Milan.

But here his old enemy, the black depression which no brightness of Italian sunshine could disperse, attacked him once more and the hours to be spent in the town before the departure of his train hung heavily on his hands: the multifarious appeals of the art treasures of the great town offering no distraction to his sick soul.

Casting about for escape, at least from human contact, he remembered that he had left unvisited the interior of the Duomo: he might conceivably find peace and quiet therein.

He found that and something in addition which he had not consciously sought, as he knelt, brought to his knees by the Cathedral's intimate message. Yet when he left at the end of a space of time for ever set apart as apocalyptic in his memory, he could not have told in intelligible speech what had been revealed. To put it into inadequate words—and he possessed no others—did not describe it.

In one moment, by crossing the Cathedral's threshold, he had passed from the uncongenial modern city into the

"ecclesiastical and sacerdotal" Milan of the past. It claimed him, all unaware there was that in himself which responded, set free perchance by the half revealings flashed upon him during his tour. Lifelong prejudices and bigotries fell from him, setting free and enlarging his powers of receptivity. The grandeur of the solemnity enshrined there might strike dumb, it seemed to Mr. Jackson, any man's tendency to criticism, but beyond the awe of its calm twilight, the space of lofty vaulting and of distant vista, the strength and majesty of clustered pillars, the harmony of time-toned marble and mosaic pavement, there was something immeasurably greater of which he was more immediately conscious. It was this which refused to be expressed in human speech though it gave him a great sense of nearness to his dead wife. It was this then beyond argument or controversy, of which she had known.

He was indeed aware, as enquiring friends were to find later, of but few separate features of the interior, and had not even, it appeared, visited the chapel of St. Charles. For the vast width of nave and aisles, the choir with its hanging lamps and the great rood upon its beam, had been all but parts for Mr. Jackson of one majestic symbol of the supernatural; of one great Sacrament in stone. It was not "the height, the space, the gloom, the glory," that spoke, but that which had created it; so that when the Divine Office began in the Choir, it was but the rendering in another medium of the mighty and mysterious things uttered already by the Cathedral. The "story of the Passion writ in stone," was not alone in the ground plan as traced by the Lombards.

Coming forth with the awe upon him of a holy place Mr. Jackson yet failed to recognize that there had been granted to him therein the vision of his road to Damascus.

During his journey therefore, when his experience had receded a little, he attempted to square it with comprehensible facts. Had he not always, for instance, been in entire agreement with the definition of the mission of architecture as intended to interest the moral sentiments rather than to charm and flatter the senses? Had not Aristotle, too, called it "one of the masters of the world"? What cause for wonder then that he should have learnt a new awe and humility from that strange hour in the Duomo or that a peace and healing should have descended upon him there untasted elsewhere save in premonition in those other churches of Lombardy?

Yet in spite of Mr. Jackson's endeavour to reject and deny

his revelation, new perceptions had been borne in upon his mind, two of which were in especial persistent : that the men who had so built had possessed some gift of faith unknown to himself and to most of those of his generation, and that the material edifice which they had raised imaged a mighty and supernatural church beyond and above national religions.

For whose divine consoling Mr. Jackson, nervously afraid of his own deductions, condemned himself to yearn in vain.

The life therefore resumed on his return to London was very much the same as that led before his tour and its crowning experience. Perhaps, like his great prototype, he had, by its unrecognized intensity, been blinded for a time. Slow moving by nature and disinclined to the taking of any definite step, he did not therefore follow his wife's example and seek admission to the Catholic Church. He was diffident exceedingly as to his attainment of the mighty endowment of faith of those builders of old. Yet he sought, not knowing that he had already found, kneeling often in the London churches of the fellowship of the Duomo.

And in due time the resolving of his doubt came in startling and unexpected fashion. For again within a year, the even tenor of his life once more interrupted, for no purpose of his own but as a unit of the British Army, he found himself on the Continent. This time he was in France : and now through a veil of smoke and poison gas he saw how hostile powers had done their utmost to delete what had here also been nobly writ in stone.

He saw Rheims, gaunt and shattered, St. Pierre of Louvain and St. Rombert of Malines still smoking and Noyon the target for German shells, though of such a fate for Italy's own churches he did not as yet dream. But beholding the wreck and desolation of sanctuaries blasted and calcined, the pavements heaped high with the fall of consecrated masonry and desecrated altar, anguish beyond the power of architectural loss to occasion, tore his heart. Fragments and mere broken *débris* of that which had delivered its message through many generations, it fulfilled now one last mission, re-echoing and making clear in tragic comment that past unheeded revelation of the Cathedral's stones. For gazing upon those ruins, by the passionate pain wrought in his soul, Mr. Jackson knew himself at last of the fellowship of those who, building for the love of God, had fashioned the very stones to cry out.

EVELINE COLE.

THE TRAPPISTINES IN ENGLAND

IN a previous article we have told the romantic story of the wanderings by which the nuns at Stapehill were brought to their present abode. The neighbourhood to which they were thus led by the providence of God must have been felt by them to be of special interest on many grounds. In the first place it was in the same county with Sherborne and was not much more than twenty miles distant from it, so that they were now in the very neighbourhood where St. Stephen Harding the organizer of their Special Reform and the composer of the Chart of Charity which was to form their Constitutions was born. It was from these parts that he went forth on that journey to Rome which led to his falling in with St. Robert of Molesme, migrating with him to Citeaux, living and working with him there for the establishment of that severer life which they aspired to follow, and eventually succeeding him as the most distinguished Abbot of the new monastery. It was St. Stephen whose happy lot it was to receive on that memorable day when their hearts were sad at the dearth of vocations, the young Bernard and the companions who were to secure so firmly the maintenance of a movement destined to be so fruitful of holiness in the Church. It must have been consoling indeed to these daughters of St. Stephen to feel that they were now to resume the life that he had taught them, amidst scenery which had been so dear to him in his earlier days.

Again, the immediate neighbourhood to which the wanderers came was one of the few rare spots in England which in those hard times had preserved a precious remnant of Catholic life for the coming days when liberty of conscience would allow the English Church to break forth again into a vigorous life like that which had characterized it of old. The Society of Jesus, ever since 1640, had had a Hampshire College, that is, district, under the dedication of St. Thomas of Canterbury, and Stapehill and Canford were two stations in that College quite close to one another, which belonged to Catholic owners and had regular missionary Fathers assigned to them as their spheres of ministry—as may be seen from the list given by Dr. Oliver in his *Collectanea*, and also by Brother Foley in his *Records* (Series XII.). Indeed, two of these former missionaries, both members of the Caryll family, are buried in the

nave of Hampreston Church, the Anglican church in the parish of which the Stapehill Convent is situated, and the inscription can still be read on their graves. Moreover, as Brother Foley records, Stapehill "will ever be one of great interest to members of the English Province. Its secluded position made it a place of resort for the Fathers of the district, who were enabled to maintain a school there in secret during the penal times. Many of them are interred in its burial ground. . . . [The station] continued to be supplied until it was transferred to the Trappist Convent of Our Lady of Dolours in 1802. Father Couche was residing at Stapehill at the time of the arrival of the Trappist community. He removed to the 'Pilgrims' House' opposite the convent, retaining two pupils with him for some time. A lay-Sister still living [in 1879] remembers to have heard the Prioress speak of Father Couche. The Lords Arundell of Wardour were the chief patrons of the mission. Upon the *viva voce* restoration of the Society in 1803, the idea was entertained of making Stapehill a noviceship." Thus there was this link between the Society and the nuns that the latter in a certain sense were the successors of the former in this abode, and as a standing memorial of this order of succession the nuns point to an aged yew tree in their garden, round which their Jesuit predecessors are said to have gathered their congregations for preaching and worship in the penal times under the protection of the surrounding forest.

But there was a still closer link with the past and even with the present of their own Order to endear their new settlement to these Trappist nuns and make them feel at home in it. We have already had occasion to relate how in 1794 a little band of Trappist Fathers sent out from La Val Sainte on their way to seek a new foundation in Canada were detained at Lulworth by the generosity of Mr. Thomas Weld and induced to settle down in a house built by him on his property there. This little foundation, which at first consisted of only six members, had grown steadily during the intervening years and promised to become a stable institution. In the very year of its commencement three important postulants joined them, Anne Saulnier de Beauregard, a former Doctor of the Sorbonne and Canon of Sens, who became in religion Father Anthony and was destined after a few decades to succeed Father Augustine in the general care of the new Cistercian offshoot; Nicholas Rousselin, an ecclesiastical

student whose preparations for the ministry had been rudely disturbed by the Revolution, but who was to become, as Father Palaemon, a devoted friend of the Stapehill nuns; and Francis Hawkins, a native of Wardour, who was destined to live on to a green old age as one of the patriarchs of the then future Abbey of Mount St. Bernard in Leicestershire. How this Lulworth monastery afterwards developed may be read in the interesting account of a visit to it to be found in the *Catholicon* for 1818, written, if we understand rightly, by the pen of Dr. Oliver. By that time the community had reached the number of about sixty, and their zeal for Divine worship, and their agricultural enterprize of the true Cistercian sort, had already converted the still young settlement into a monastery in full working order, showing promise, if circumstances should be propitious, of a stable restoration of Cistercian life to the country where it had been so nobly represented of old.

Naturally when the nuns arrived at Stapehill they quickly entered into close relations with these Fathers who were so near to them. Week by week the latter visited the convent to hear the confessions of the community, to instruct them in the spiritual and other obligations of Cistercian life, and to aid them by their counsels and co-operation. Thus we read how Father Anthony de Saulnier used in this way to drive over weekly to Stapehill in a covered cart from the time of the first arrival of the nuns in 1802, till 1810, when he was made Superior of St. Susan's preparatory to being appointed the first Abbot of Lulworth by the Holy See. From 1810 onwards Father Palaemon took his place as confessor to the nuns, an office he retained for many years, originally, like his predecessor, driving over there weekly, and when, under circumstances to be presently related, it became necessary for the Lulworth community to migrate back to France, transferring his residence to Stapehill altogether. In this way as their resident confessor he remained at the convent till 1851, when he died in a ripe old age and was buried in the convent cemetery. Dr. Oliver, indeed, says that he was buried at Spettisbury, but the nuns say this is a misapprehension. Father Palaemon appears to have been a highly spiritual and very amiable old man whose name is still held in benediction by the community for whom he did so much. We have spoken of a Father Francis Hawkins, in religion Father Stephen, who entered at Lulworth quickly after its

foundation. It was this Father Stephen who lived to an extreme old age at Mount St. Bernard's in Leicestershire. But there was also another Father Francis Hawkins, in religion Father Andrew, who was a nephew of Father Stephen, and joined at Lulworth in 1808. When the Lulworth community returned to France Father Andrew returned with them, remaining there till 1840, when he was sent to Stapehill to share the charge of the community there with Father Palaemon, who was growing old. Here he showed great enterprize, for it was he who, with the aid of funds collected during a begging visit to France, built the little chapel which still serves the uses of the convent and of the small outside congregation which he was mainly instrumental in gathering.

We have referred by anticipation to the departure of the Lulworth community to France. This affected the monks only, for the nuns have not been disturbed to this day, except that the loss of their Fathers at St. Susan's must have been a severe trial to them. But as for the Lulworth monks, when all had gone on peacefully for more than twenty years and their neighbours had become attached to them, and their farm was developing finely they fell victims to one of those storms of bigotry which still trouble Catholic institutions, though not so frequently or violently as a hundred years ago.

A man named James Power, a native of Waterford, who had been a monk at St. Susan's for seven years, suddenly decamped and, after having abjured the Catholic religion in Blandford parish church, made an affidavit before some of the local magistrates charging the Fathers at Lulworth with various matters (for the enumeration of which see *Collectanea*, p. 215), the chief of which was that they treated their subjects with cruelty. The affidavit was sent up to Lord Sidmouth, then Home Secretary, who, without deeming it necessary to submit Power's allegations to any judicial inquiry, communicated the affidavit to Mr. Weld, and asked him to see that the convent was shut up and the French community pressed to leave the country. As peace, he said, with France was now restored, the French refugees, who had been allowed to form the community, should be sent back to their country, whilst the English members should be dispersed, since life under religious vows was illegal for Orders of men. Mr. Weld wrote back claiming for Abbot Anthony the right to

see the Home Secretary and represent his own case to him, and this, though reluctantly, Lord Sidmouth at length granted. The result was that he fully exonerated the monks, being perhaps struck by the Abbot, when he saw what he was and the propriety of his representations that he and his companions had all along led blameless lives and rendered good service to the cause of British agriculture. Still, in evident fear of the bigots who might attack the Government, he insisted that the monastery should be broken up and the monks sent out of the country as soon as arrangements could be conveniently made. This therefore the Abbot undertook to do and in spite of difficulties arising out of the widespread destruction of religious houses in France caused by the Revolution succeeded in doing. He obtained the consent of Louis XVIII. to the transference of the united community to Mellerai in Brittany, where were the remains of an old Cistercian Abbey which he purchased, and where a pious lady bought and presented to the monks several acres of uncultivated land. Louis XVIII. also sent the French frigate, *La Revanche*, to Weymouth to bring the monks across. Their departure from Lulworth in July, 1817, was attended by demonstrations of regret from neighbours who had grown attached to them, and these demonstrations spread as far as Weymouth itself, where, as we read, a numerous body of persons gathered round them on the beach to give them a sympathetic send-off, whilst others even followed them some distance in skiffs bringing them comforts for the voyage. It was an example of what has all along been so noticeable in this country. The people generally are not bigoted, though sometimes they are misled by slanderous misrepresentations of things Catholic. The bigots have all along been the few, as they still are, except that, fortunately, now-a-days they have no longer the ear of the rulers as they had then.

At Mellerai the returning exiles were welcomed and set to work once more to exercise their Cistercian talent of converting deserts into paradises. But here, too, troubles were in store for them. In 1830 a fresh revolution set Louis Philippe on the throne and the anti-religious forces in the seats of government. The latter quickly pounced upon the establishment at Mellerai and insisted that the English members, as belonging to a nation which had so recently been at war with the French, should be sent back to their own country, whilst

as regards the French members it was with difficulty that a small number of them were allowed to remain in their chosen abode. But God has His own way of fulfilling His ends by overruling the activities of those who seek to thwart them. The French Community in no long time largely increased their numbers, whilst the English-speaking contingent migrated to Cappoquin, where among the Knockmealdown Hills they founded another Melleray which still exists and whose praise is widely diffused. Also from this second Melleray in 1835 was sent out the colony of monks which established itself at Mount St. Bernard's in Leicestershire, and another in 1878 to Roscrea in Ireland. Also similar colonies, fulfilling Dom Augustine's dream, eventually established themselves across the Atlantic at our Lady of Gethsemani in Kentucky, and our Lady of New Melleray in Iowa, to which number we may be allowed to add the Abbey of Fontgombard in France, founded from the original Melleray in Brittany, and Woodbarton in Devonshire, quite recently established from the same parent stock. Thus the seemingly abortive foundation at Lulworth, which owed so much to the Weld family, became under God the parent of eight foundations in various parts, even if we could leave out Stapehill, which is so intimately connected with St. Susan's at Lulworth, and may itself be reasonably regarded as its chosen daughter, and the exiled colony of French Trappistines who have recently come to Marnhull, which is also in Dorsetshire.

We have had occasion to refer to the agricultural benefits conferred by the Lulworth monks on the neighbourhood where they had settled down, and we might have referred also to the labours of the monks of the same stock who were sent in 1831 from Melleray in Brittany to Mount Melleray in Waterford. For of these latter it is related that whereas a kindly disposed Protestant gentleman gave them on their arrival six hundred acres of heath and uncultivated land which had been abandoned to sterility by ignorance or neglect, they quickly cleared it and covered parts of it with fruit or forest trees, and sowed other parts and gathered from them abundant crops of rye and oats, of turnips or potatoes; and not only succeeded by this means in providing for their own needs, but also in setting an example to their neighbours, who, thus stimulated, brought under successful cultivation several thousand acres of other heath land. What a

centre of farming industry, as likewise of wholesome educational work, this Irish Mount Melleray has become by now is well known and affords a good illustration of the similar results on a still larger scale achieved by the Cistercians of the middle ages. The call of God to embrace the religious life has at all times been addressed to men drawn from every class of society, the highest as well as the humblest, and in an Order which made agricultural labour an essential feature in its life the natural outcome was that the influence of education and skill made itself felt throughout the organization, and led to superior application of the best methods attainable at the time to the common tasks in which all were employed. The days are happily past when the average Englishman could walk among the ruins of Netley or Fountains and, while paying a reluctant tribute of admiration to the architectural purity and beauty of these relics of our monastic past, thank God that the country was no longer burdened with the maintenance of "those lazy monks." But even yet the mass of our people have much to learn of the debt which this country owes to the unwearied toil of the old monks in Benedictine *scriptoria* or on Cistercian farms. How many, for instance, realize that the early development of the wool trade and hence of the cloth trade which was destined to become such a source of prosperity to this country was due to the enterprise with which the mediæval Cistercians set themselves to improve the breed of their sheep? This indeed is a subject which we may hope that some day a student of economical science will investigate for us in some detail. Meanwhile we may refer readers to the appendices to the second volume of the Abbé Dubois' *Histoire de l'Abbé de Rancé*, which contain a good deal of information on the subject.

That at times relaxation from the severe standard of their rules set in among the Cistercians, as among religious of other Orders, is not to be denied, though neither is it to be exaggerated, as it often is by writers insufficiently familiar with the subject to make the necessary distinctions between relaxation from the standard of the moral code binding upon us all, and relaxation from the observance of a peculiarly high standard of asceticism. Yet whereas relaxation of the former kind is truly scandalous, relaxation of the latter may well leave the offender in the position of leading a far severer life than his secular neighbours. Still, the Catholic Church takes a

serious view of the latter as well of the former kinds of relaxation among her children, and reforms like those of La Trappe witness alike to the occasional existence of an evil intelligible enough when one measures the weakness of human nature with the difficult ideals which the vocation of some men has set before them, and to the persistent spirit of regeneration which is so conspicuous in the history of Catholic institutions and is such a signal mark of the divinity of the Catholic Church.

The same strenuous labours for the redemption of uncultivated soil are not to be expected from women as from men, though the record of what the latter have done in Cistercian convents is likewise really marvellous. Some historical notes in the possession of the Stapehill nuns have preserved to us a picture of the daily life of Mother Augustine and her community which may serve also to give an insight into the manner of life in which the present generation of Stapehill Cistercians are engaged. That high born lady of the *ancien régime* "was well fitted to head a new settlement by her indomitable spirit. No labour was too heavy for her. Between four and five in the morning, as the sun got up, she was out in the farm-yard with her own hands filling the cart with manure so as to be ready when the men came at six to take it away. The ground that had been given to the convent was for the most part heather land. Much and heavy manual work that many would shrink from was gone through by these lady nuns who to women's patience added men's courage. With pickaxe and spade they cleared the ground for cultivation. Some of it had to be drained, and in their great poverty all must be done by themselves. But they were happy, for they were carrying out their vocation with vigour, and this lent even to their bodies a strength which seemed beyond nature." This spirit still persists in the little community to whose existence we have been calling attention, and though their farm is small it suffices to afford them useful and healthy occupation in accordance with their severe rule. The war has pressed heavily on their slender finances, but the needs of their domestic economy are less than those of others, and they have been able to keep going. They will be grateful however for prayers that this type of contemplative life, so wonderful in itself, may continue to be preserved to our English Catholicism.

S. F. S.

THE SCANDAL OF THE THEOSOPHIST BISHOPS

SOMETHING more than two years ago I printed in these pages¹ an article upon "the cats and dogs fight," to copy Mme. Blavatsky's imperfect English, which almost from the very beginning had gone on in the bosom of the Theosophical Society, the home of "Universal Brotherhood." The organization in the forty-three years of its existence has witnessed quarrels and schisms without end, some of them so sordid and discreditable that not even Mrs. Eddy's denunciations of Kennedy and Ahrens can supply an adequate parallel. In the later phases of Theosophical history the sinister figure of Charles Webster Leadbeater stands out as the most conspicuous rock of offence. As was made clear in the article referred to, it was his readmission among the Theosophical fraternity which led in 1908 to the revolt of some seven hundred English Theosophists, including many of the highest standing, from the dictatorship of Mrs. Annie Besant. It is Leadbeater again who seems to have been the prime mover in the "Star of the East" propaganda, a movement which occasioned stirrs resulting eventually in the expulsion of Dr. Rudolph Steiner and another large band of followers. Even in this most fantastic of cults, there was a sober minority who were not prepared to swallow the idea that the Bodhisattva who had already become incarnate in Krishna and in Jesus Christ was again about to take flesh in one Krishnamurti, an Indian youth, whom Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater had withdrawn from parental influences and were carefully educating for the part they intended him to play. And now lastly when the Theosophical volcano seems to be on the eve of a new eruption, it is once more the underground activities of the same C. W. Leadbeater, together with his brazen defiance of public opinion, which have been mainly instrumental in bringing about the crisis. This time, unfortunately, the outrage to reverence and decency is of such a nature that no Catholic can look on unmoved. Little as we may be interested in the crazy beliefs

¹ See the article "The Latest Split among the Theosophists," in *THE MONTH* for March, 1916.

of this new-fangled adaptation of Buddhism, the systematic profanation of Catholic sacraments must be matter for sorrow and distress to all earnest believers in proportion to the reality of their faith. And the worst feature of the case, as thoughtful readers will readily perceive, lies in the indefinite possibilities of sacrilegious developments, not confined to the temples dedicated to a heterodox cult, but invading even our own churches in a form which it is almost impossible to take precautions against.

It may possibly be remembered that in 1906, as was explained in my previous article, Mr. C. W. Leadbeater was practically forced to resign his membership in the Theosophical Society on account of certain charges against his moral teaching which were formally inquired into by a representative committee presided over by Col. Olcott, one of the co-founders of Theosophy. Under severe pressure the accused was forced to admit the truth of the charges. Mrs. Besant fully acquiesced in the steps taken; she wrote herself that to reinstate the culprit would be "ruinous" and she gave an undertaking that she would not readmit him into the society unless he publicly declared that his teaching was "wrong." She herself in a letter dated July, 1906, characterized such teaching as "earthly, sensual, devilish."¹ Mr. Leadbeater has never formally retracted his opinion, though he has promised not to repeat the advice complained of, and on that basis he has been reinstated by Mrs. Besant, and, as a thousand facts prove, has exercised a more preponderating influence in her councils than ever before. What I have here said is no dragging to light of hidden or forgotten skeletons. Mr. J. N. Farquhar writing in 1915 with a printed copy before him of the minutes of the Inquiry, legally authenticated, recounted the whole shameful story for the general reader.² It has figured largely in the law-courts of India and in the English daily newspapers. The Point Loma section of the Theosophical Society have put it in the forefront of their repudiation of Mrs. Besant's claim to the presidency, denouncing that lady's "persistent endorsement, laudation and defence of C. W. Leadbeater in her writings, speeches, and in the law-courts of Madras."³ French Theosophists like M.

¹ See E. Lévy, *Mrs. Besant and the present Crisis in the Theosophical Society*, (1913) p. 124.

² *Modern Religious Movements in India*, p. 273.

³ J. H. Fussel, *Some Reasons Why*, etc. p. 4.

Eugène Lévy and M. Edouard Schuré have been equally explicit¹ and speak of the "infamous immorality of Mr. Leadbeater attested by legal proceedings." Mr. Lévy in particular mentions that

Among the documentary evidence before the Court (of Madras) was a letter, partly written in cipher, sent by Mr. Leadbeater to a young boy without the knowledge of his parents. The letter cannot be published here, for the publication of gross obscenity such as it includes is actionable by the criminal code of civilised countries.²

This is the type of man who, not so very long since, with the full concurrence of Mrs. Besant, received episcopal consecration, and who, there is reason to fear, may very possibly possess valid orders. He was at one time a clergyman of the Church of England, but it is likely that before being consecrated bishop he was reordained priest, for this is seemingly the practice of the "Old Catholic Church" in such cases, following the tradition begun by the founder of the English branch, Arnold Harris Mathew. There are, we may remark, several other Theosophist bishops, consecrated expressly to communicate a mystical initiation to members of that cult,³ but Leadbeater has long figured among them as the recognized exponent of the ritual of the Mass and as an adept in the religious "magic" which he attributes to the Eucharist and to the other sacraments. Though himself one of the last of the gang—the word is not too strong—to receive episcopal consecration, there is much reason to believe that it was Leadbeater's brain which not only conceived but organized the whole machinery of this latest Theosophical development. The ingenious mystification known as the Order of the Star of the East, as well that of Universal Cofreemasonry in Great Britain and the British Dependencies is probably attributable to the same source.

A very few words will suffice to state the essential facts that have to do with the begetting of this preposterous hierarchy. One Arnold Harris Matthews, originally a student for Orders

¹ See E. Lévy, *Mrs. Besant and the present Crisis*, Preface.

² E. Lévy, *Mrs. Besant*, p. 143.

³ The names of the Theosophist bishops, so far as known to me, are: James Ingall Wedgwood, consecrated 13 Feb. 1916, President; Rupert Gauntlett and Robert King, both consecrated 26 Sept. 1915; Charles Webster Leadbeater, consecrated in Australia, 22 July, 1916; Julian Adrian Mazel, consecrated June, 1917.

in the Scottish Episcopalian Church, became a Catholic in 1875 and was ordained priest at Glasgow in June, 1877. After an experiment in the Dominican noviceship, in the course of which his name seems to have changed from Arnold Harris to Arnold Jerome, we find him in 1881 in the Plymouth diocese, in 1883 at Gateshead in the Newcastle diocese, in 1884 at Workop in the Nottingham diocese, in 1885 and 1886 at Trowbridge in the Clifton diocese, and in 1888 and 1889 at Bath. There in July, 1889, he sent round a printed post-card to his congregation to announce that having ceased to believe in the doctrines of the Christian revelation he could no longer act as a priest. In October, 1890, an advertisement in *The Times* beginning "I Arnoldo Girolamo Povoleri, heretofore known by the name of Arnold Jerome Matthews," announced that Mr. Matthews had changed his name by deed poll. It was under the name of the Rev. Count Povoleri that he acted as Anglican curate in 1892 and 1893 at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street, and there celebrated several marriages. By some extraordinary fatality the Rector of Holy Trinity at that time was the Rev. Robert Eyton, who not long afterwards had to leave his native land to avoid exposure and disgrace. It was he who on 22nd February, 1892, married "the Rev. Count Povoleri di Vicenza to Margaret Florence, daughter of Henry Duncan, Esq., of Toronto."¹ About this time Count Povoleri seems to have discovered that he was the rightful claimant to the Earldom of Landaff, and he has since then styled himself *de jure* Earl of Landaff (so spelt). After experiences too long to relate, he was for a time, in spite of the difficulty created by his wife and children, reconciled with the Catholic Church, but in 1908 he managed to persuade Gerard Gul, Archbishop of the Old Catholic (or Jansenist) Church of Utrecht, that he was a suitable person to found and to preside over a branch of this Old Catholic Church for which Great Britain was pining. By whatever means the transaction was arranged, it is certain that Arnold Harris Mathew (so he now spelt his name) was consecrated Bishop by Archbishop Gul in April, 1908. Of the incredible gyrations and somersaults performed by this ecclesiastical acrobat since his consecration it would be impossible to give any connected account. Before the year had elapsed he issued in the name of "the Western Orthodox Catholic Church

¹ See *The Times*, February 24, 1892, but Povoleri is misprinted Sovoleri.

in Great Britain and Ireland," over which he now professed to preside, a "Declaration of Autonomy and Independence" repudiating all subordination to the Church from which he derived his episcopal orders. Soon afterwards, when he had consecrated a number of bishops, he induced them to meet together and elect him Archbishop. At one time he has called himself "Bishop of Chelsea," at another "Regionary Bishop of the Ancient Catholic Church of England," at another "Bishop of the English or 'Old' Catholic Church," at another "Archbishop of the Ancient English Catholic Church," at another "Anglo-Catholic Archbishop of London." He also at a later date planned other organizations which aimed at bringing under his authority the Old Catholics of France. These designs never seem to have advanced beyond the prospectus or leaflet stage, but in all the documents concerned "Sa Grandeur l'Archevêque Mathieu" figures many times over in the most impressive capitals. Meanwhile Bishop Mathew was trying to negotiate a reconciliation with the Holy See through Cardinal Merry del Val, though he was also appealing to the Established Church through the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London and to the Orthodox Eastern Church through the Archbishop of Beyrut, seeking in every case for recognition and union, though not, of course, with all at the same time. When he wrote to Roman ecclesiastics he scoffed at the Anglican Church as "Old Mother Damnable," when he addressed himself to Anglican prelates he was loud in his denunciations of the corruptions of Rome. In 1911 he was formally excommunicated by the Holy See. The *Times* published the sentence and in the report of the unsuccessful action for libel which the Bishop in consequence brought against the *Times* Publishing Company will be found ample materials of a most amusing character for a study of the career of this clerical megalomaniac. Unfortunately the element of farce is not the only one to be met with in the story. In his eagerness to widen his sphere of influence Bishop Mathew laid his episcopal hands on several applicants, ordaining some as priests and consecrating others bishops, with barely a pretence of investigation as to their mental or still less their moral fitness for the office. Amongst the rest was a certain Frederick Samuel Willoughby, M.A., formerly a clergyman of the Church of England and Vicar of St. John's, Stockton-on-Tees, a benefice he was forced to resign under threat of penalties still more

unpleasant. In *John Bull* for June 20, 1914, appeared a communication, addressed by name to this Mr. Willoughby, in which a guarded reference is made to the events which led to his resignation as constituting another distressing Church scandal. "They imply," says the writer, "your utter unfitness to act as the shepherd of a Christian flock." This was the man on whom Bishop Mathew, on October 28 of the same year 1914, conferred episcopal orders. According to the Bishop's story, previously to the consecration he knew absolutely nothing of the scandalous incidents in Willoughby's past career. The Theosophist Bishop Wedgwood on the other hand flatly contradicts this and declares that Bishop Mathew was quite well acquainted with the history of the man whom he was consecrating.¹ It is at any rate probably true that he was not aware of the extent to which Willoughby's criminal practices had become a matter of public notoriety. However on May 15, 1915, *John Bull* published a much more thorough exposure of the same gentleman than that contained in its "Candid Communication" of the previous summer. The article occupied a whole page and was entitled "A Whited Sepulchre," with such characteristic subheadings as "The Crimes of a Cleric," "Bestiality at the Altar," "Depths of Depravity," and "The Peculating Parson." Willoughby has made no attempt to meet these charges, and *John Bull* has since then repeated them in an aggravated form, the last occasion being as recent as June 1, 1918. In a tirade, which this time is headed "Defiling the Altar," the same journal brings F. S. Willoughby into connection with C. W. Leadbeater, the link between them being a third personage, one J. I. Wedgwood, a prominent Theosophist and now the president of the Theosophical hierarchy of bishops. Despite the fact that in 1915 Willoughby's scandalous past had been stripped bare in the *John Bull* articles,² Mr. James Ingall Wedgwood did not scruple to receive episcopal consecration at his hands. According to *John Bull's* account of the matter:

On discovering that the hands thus laid on were dripping with filth, the best elements among the Old Catholics withdrew, the spectacle of a vile debauchee in episcopal Orders being more than they could stand. "Bishop" Wedgwood, however, remained.

¹ On all this see the *Occult Review*, May and June, 1918.

² See particularly *John Bull*, May 15, 1915.

... When Wedgwood accepted consecration from Willoughby on Feb. 13, 1916, he can have been under no delusion as to the man's character. Months previously we had received and published a letter from an influential section of the Old Catholic Church, thanking us for our timely exposure of Willoughby's scandalous career and recording the "horror and indignation" of Old Catholics at his "deception and gross immorality."¹

Anyway Mr. J. I. Wedgwood was now a bishop, and though he must have been perfectly well aware of the infamous charges to which Leadbeater under pressure had pleaded guilty, he travelled to Australia and consecrated this worthy emulator of Willoughby to the same sacred office. One can have no wish to dwell unnecessarily upon all these horrors, but in view of the personal relations which once existed between Mr. Bottomley, editor of *John Bull*, the late Charles Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant, such a passage as the following from its pages acquires an additional significance :

Mrs. Besant is the High Priestess of the Theosophical Society and Leadbeater is her lieutenant. So long ago as 1909 we described this Leadbeater as "an individual who instead of being permitted to work with decent men and women, should be tied to a cart-tail and flogged from Temple Bar to Aldgate Pump." We further described him as "a teacher of filth."²

In questions concerning the moral law the point of view taken in *John Bull* cannot be assumed to coincide with that of the normal ecclesiastic, but the testimony of such a journal is not open to suspicion on the ground of over censoriousness, while a due respect for the law of libel may be trusted to keep its allegations of fact within reasonable limits.

But why, it will be asked, is the Theosophical fraternity so bent upon establishing in their midst an impious parody of Catholic ceremonial, directed and administered by a hierarchy of bishops of apostolic descent provided with valid Orders? The explanation will suggest itself readily enough to anyone who will take the trouble to investigate certain writings of Leadbeater, the self-styled clairvoyant and mystic, especially when regard is had of the immense influence which for the past fifteen years he has exercised over Mrs. Besant and through her over all the outside activities of Theosophy. This clever performer, thoroughly realizing the value of external

¹ *John Bull*, June 1, 1918.

² See *John Bull*, Nov. 16, 1912.

ceremonial in impressing all minds of a mystical cast, convinced also from his practical acquaintance with both Buddhism and Freemasonry that an atmosphere of antiquity and a sense of hidden and mysterious forces is very helpful in producing the same result, has determined to harness to his Theosophical chariot the most powerful and venerable "magic"—it is the word which he repeatedly and unblushingly uses in this connexion—which the world has ever known, that of the Holy Sacrifice and Sacraments of the Catholic Church. The genesis of the idea may be readily traced in the writings now collected in book form under the name of the *Hidden Side of Things*. Mr. Leadbeater pursuing his studies of the occult was led some years ago to devote a considerable amount of attention to the magic of religious ceremonial, and notably to that of the Mass. It was in a little village of Sicily that the first deep impression was made on him, and that he discovered in the celebration "a magnificent display of the application of occult force."

At the moment of consecration [he declares] the Host glowed with the most dazzling brightness; it became in fact a veritable sun to the eye of the clairvoyant, and as the priest lifted it above the heads of the people I noticed two distinct varieties of spiritual force poured forth from it, roughly corresponding to the light of the sun and the streamers of his corona.

This force, which penetrated the walls of the church as if they were not there, produced its strongest effects in the intuitional world, "though it was also exceedingly powerful in the three higher subdivisions of the mental world. The activity was marked in the first, second and third subdivisions of the astral also." I am merely summarizing Mr. Leadbeater in rehearsing all this. I have not the least conception what it all means, but then assuredly neither has Mr. Leadbeater. His one object is to impress the silly dupes who listen to him, with the sense of being brought into contact with the occult through a clairvoyant of transcendent powers.

The astral vibrations set in movement by the Host were so far-reaching in their effects that they quickened the astral bodies of people far away walking along the village street or busy over their work upon the lonely hillsides. They felt a momentary thrill of affection or devotion pass through them, though they never dreamt of connecting it with the Mass, which was being celebrated in their little cathedral. No

wonder that in the case of the actual worshippers who prostrated themselves the results were far more striking.

The effect as seen by clairvoyant sight was most striking and profoundly impressive, for to each of these latter there darted from the uplifted Host a ray of fire, which set the higher part of the astral body of the recipient glowing with the most intense ecstasy. . . . Everything connected with the Host—the tabernacle, the monstrance, the altar itself, the priest's vestments, the insulating humeral veil, the chalice and paten—all were strongly charged with this tremendous magnetism, and all were radiating it forth, each in its degree.¹

The Communion of the people naturally takes a prominent place in this survey.

A third effect is that produced upon the communicant. He who receives into his body a part of that dazzling centre, from which flow the light and the fire becomes himself for the time a similar centre, and radiates power in his turn. The tremendous wave of force which he has thus drawn into the closest possible association with himself cannot but seriously influence his higher bodies. For the time these waves raise his vibrations into harmony with themselves, thus producing a feeling of intense exaltation. . . . Undoubtedly every such experience draws the man just an infinitesimal fraction higher than he was before. He has been for a few moments or even for a few hours in direct contact with the forces of a world far higher than any that he himself can otherwise touch.²

This is a style of description in which the clairvoyant's fantastic imagination has the freest scope. No one can possibly contradict the account he gives of what he professes to have seen. But the vapid sameness of it all, with its jargon of "auras" and "astral bodies" and "vehicles," and the rest, is inconceivable. Some years ago I quoted in these pages some specimens of the rubbish written for Mr. Stead's *Review of Reviews*—very possibly by Leadbeater himself—in connection with the King's Coronation. There one might read how

at the moment of the anointing a distinct ray from the highest altitude of spiritual elevation descends and mingles with the higher physical of the King. The particles which are transmitted into the physical plane become crystallized—or a better term would perhaps be materialized—and remain in the actual fabric of the body of the King. This causes the whole *aura* to become translucent with Divine Light.

¹ Leadbeater, *The Hidden Side of Things* (1913), I. pp. 226—232.

² *The Hidden Side*, I. 233.

In the same article the Archbishop of Canterbury was exhorted to keep "his physical vehicle in perfect order, clean and free. Let him not take any animal food or alcohol for at least three days before the ceremony." It is just on these lines that Leadbeater deals with the other Sacraments of the Church, all seven of which are retained in the newly-revised Theosophico-Catholic ritual. It cannot be needful to give lengthy specimens of the fantastic rubbish which this adept in occultism evolves out of his inner consciousness, but a passage or two from his account of Baptism will be useful to illustrate the underlying tendencies at work.

Baptism by a deacon is less powerful than that by a priest, as he is not so fully connected with the Lord; that by a layman is still less effective, for he cannot draw upon the reservoir or attract the force through the Lord Maitreya in that special way. . . . As soon as the Divine Force has been poured in, the priest proceeds to close the centres which he has opened, so that the force may not immediately pass out again, but may abide in the child as a living power and radiate from him but slowly, and so influence others. Therefore the next step is to take another kind of sacred oil, the chrism, and with that the centres are closed.¹

This reference to the Lord Maitreya will be better understood in the light of the following explanation.

He (the Bodhisattva) definitely handed over this office of director of religion to His successor, whom we call the Lord Maitreya—the Great One who is honoured all through India under the name of Krishna and throughout the Christian world as Jesus the Christ. No Theosophical student will be confused by this last expression, for he knows that the Christ, who is the new Bodhisattva, took the body of the disciple Jesus and held it for the last three years of its life in order to found the Christian religion.²

This last statement introduces us to a characteristic trait of the Leadbeater-Besant mythology, one deeply resented by some of the more respectable of the English and Continental Theosophists. It is in this way that the body of Krisnamurti is for a season to be borrowed and occupied by the Bodhisattva at the next incarnation of the Great Teacher. But to return to Mr. Leadbeater's disquisition on Baptism.

The chrism is that kind of sacred oil which contains incense and therefore it is used always for purification purposes. Incense is

¹ "The Church and its Work," in *The Theosophist*, September, 1917, p. 661.

² Leadbeater, *The Hidden Side of Things* (1913), I. p. 215.

made in various ways; but it almost always contains benzoin, and benzoin is a very powerful purifying agent. Therefore it is the chrism with which the cross is made on the top of the child's head—in order as an old ritual said, "to purify the gateway." Remember that man in sleep passes out through the top of the head and returns that way on awakening.

After a good deal more rubbish of the same type, when Mr. Leadbeater is apparently so satisfied that his audience are already gaping in bewilderment and without the slightest understanding of his words, that he does not even take the trouble to observe any sort of consistency, he tells us exactly what happens to the last of the five apertures to be closed by the unctions:

The centre remains distended, but only a small effective aperture remains, like the pupil of an eye. While it was open it was all pupil, like an eye into which belladonna has been injected. Now the pupil is closed to its normal dimensions, and a large iris remains, which contracts only slightly after the immediate effect of the ceremony wears off.¹

Such is Mr. Leadbeater's lucid account of what takes place when the top of the child's head is anointed with chrism.¹

No further evidence can be needed to illustrate the extravagance, not, unfortunately, without its complement of blasphemy, which is characteristic of the whole Theosophist exposition of the Catholic liturgy. The supposed clairvoyant intuitions of Mr. Leadbeater have been erected into a canon of belief and whether he is gravely relating the adventures a hundred thousand years ago of his fellow Theosophists in their previous incarnations,² or whether he is describing the magical effects of the Catholic ritual, the verdict which he delivers from his inner consciousness is one which no Theosophist of the Besantite faction would dream of questioning. Note the terms in which Leadbeater some years back finally disposed of the dispute concerning the validity of Anglican Orders.

Having myself been a priest of the Church of England and knowing how keen are the disputes as to whether that Church really has the Apostolic succession or not, I was naturally interested in discovering whether its priests possessed this power.

¹ *The Theosophist* (Adyar), Sept. 1917, p. 662.

² See Leadbeater and Besant, *Man, Whence, How and Whither*, 1913.

[He is speaking of the power of consecrating the Eucharist.] I was much pleased to find that they did, and I suppose we may take that as definitely settling the much-disputed Parker question, and with it the whole controversy as to the authenticity of the Orders of the Church of England. I soon found by examination that ministers of what are commonly called dissenting sects did not possess this power, no matter how good and earnest they may be.¹

This was written when any Orders other than the Anglican Orders which he already possessed seemed unobtainable, but when Messrs. Willoughby and Wedgwood were obliging enough to put within his reach a consecration which was less open to doubt on theological grounds, the astute Leadbeater was by no means reluctant to avail himself of the opportunity. It is unfortunately needless to add that men of the stamp of the present Theosophist bishops are not likely to be deterred by any sort of religious scruple from perpetuating the succession.

A still more deplorable consequence, and it is this, more than anything else, which has led me to call attention to this very sad history of sacrilege and depravity, is the attitude towards the Holy Eucharist which must almost inevitably be produced by the official Theosophic commendation of it as a magical agency of exceptional power. Nothing or practically nothing is said of any fitness or preparation on the part of the recipient. On the contrary, in the case of the Sacrament of Orders—and the Theosophist is not likely to make fine distinctions in such matters—it is much insisted on that the unworthiness of the agent does not in any way impede the magical efficacy of the rite. These are what Leadbeater declares to be the conclusions to which his mystical researches have led him regarding the power of consecrating the Eucharist :

First, only those priests who have been lawfully ordained, and have the apostolic succession, can produce this effect at all. Other men, not being part of this definite organisation, cannot perform this feat, no matter how devoted or good or saintly they may be. Secondly, neither the character of the priest, nor his knowledge, nor ignorance as to what he is really doing, affects the result in any way whatever.²

¹ *The Hidden Side of Things*, I. p. 236.

² *Ibid.* p. 234.

Will not the Theosophist inevitably say: We have learnt that Communion is a most powerful magic which always elevates and strengthens the astral body and the other faculties. I must receive the Eucharist as often as possible. It does not matter where or how I come by it; only the oftener the better. In the Catholic Church I am most sure of obtaining what I seek, for other Orders are doubtful. Therefore I will take every opportunity of hearing Mass in any large Catholic Church where, owing to the number of communicants, I can receive the Eucharist without danger of detection. Surely this is a horrible and most alarming reflection for all good Catholics, but it seems of necessity to follow from the Theosophist principles as laid down by such scoundrels as Leadbeater and Wedgwood. That the former does not stand alone in his views follows from a leaflet published last year by a "priest" belonging to the Theosophical organization in Krotona, Los Angeles, California.

According to one of our Bishops [*i.e.* Leadbeater] who is perhaps the world's greatest occult scientist, there are three distinct effects which follow upon the consecration of the Host. When the words of consecration are said and the Angel of the Presence appears and effects the Transubstantiation . . . the Host becomes like a great golden sun, and the chalice glows with ruby light. Then from this Veil of Christ's Presence and this Channel of His Life wonderful streams of light and soul warmth radiate out over those present; over the angelic host and the mis-called "dead" who gather round the altar. . . .

These are some of the reasons why we place no barriers in the way of those who come reverently to our altars, regardless of their beliefs in other directions. We are confident, above all, that the power of the Blessed Sacrament may well be trusted to work Christ's own true purpose out in the lives of men; it is our business as clergy to provide the channel—not to erect obstacles.¹

One can only leave the inferences likely to be drawn from such teaching to the sober reflection of the Catholic clergy and laity. Meanwhile some slight consolation may be found in the fact that the ritualistic vagaries of the section whom some of their fellow-Theosophists have nicknamed "Pantomime Peters," have on both sides of the Atlantic provoked a violence of opposition and protest which amounts to little less than another Theosophist schism.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ Charles Hampton, *The Church of Religious Liberty*, 1917.

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

COLOGNE AND CORPUS CHRISTI.

THERE has been a good deal of ill-considered declamation, most of it foolish, and some of it wild and fanatical, over the incidents connected with the recent Corpus Christi procession at Cologne. We have not the slightest inclination to palliate the crimes of the German High Command, or to excuse the baseness of the methods to which they repeatedly have had recourse, but the man who with a thousand solid grounds of complaint grows hysterical over a shadowy grievance which is mainly the creature of his own imagination, is making a tactical mistake and putting himself gratuitously in the wrong. He is simply forging a weapon which the adversary will use to prove that passion not reason is at the root of all the accusations of which he has been made the object. In this way the issues are confused and the really damning evidence for other atrocities gets less attention than it deserves.

We have said that of the criticisms evoked by the Cologne incident many are foolish and some are fanatical. As a specimen of the former class we would appeal to a pretentious little article of Bishop G. F. Browne, formerly Bishop of Bristol, which appeared in the columns of *The Times* for June 8th. Bishop Browne, while expressing satisfaction at the frank assent given by our rulers to the request that the British would not bomb Cologne on the day of the procession, considers the whole proceeding most extraordinary. "It is scarcely possible," he says, "to understand the frame of mind that conceived the petition, or passed it on." So far as one can comprehend the reason of Bishop Browne's surprise it is founded on his inability to discover any reason in history why Cologne should particularly wish to celebrate this feast. "If any city is specially entitled," he declares, "to formulate a request that war should cease in its streets for Corpus Christi day, Liège, not Cologne, is so entitled." Again, he lays it down that the ceremony "in its full position is only 600 years old this year," and he explains this statement by informing us later on that "the procession of the Host was instituted, it is said, by Pope John XXII., at Avignon in 1318, 600 years ago." These and other items of information, which, as the curious inquirer may discover with a little pains, bear a remarkably close resemblance to the account of Corpus Christi given *sub verbo* in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, are unfortunately rather out of date. We really might expect Bishop Browne to take a little more trouble to get up his subject if he *will* undertake to instruct his fellow countrymen about matters

which lie outside the practice of his own Protestant Church. No doubt Blessed Juliana, of Mont-Cornillon, belonged to Liège, and it was Robert de Thorete, Bishop of Liège, who at a synod in 1246 first prescribed that the Thursday after the Octave of Pentecost should be kept as a festival *celebriori ritu* in honour of the Blessed Sacrament, but we must also remember that Liège was then a suffragan See of Cologne, and that Juliana for one reason or another had a good deal to do with Cologne. What is of more direct importance, extant documents prove that a procession of the Blessed Sacrament was established at Cologne on this festival somewhere between 1264 and 1279, that is to say at least 40 years before the decree of Pope John XXII. to which Bishop Browne makes reference in his article. The procession of which we speak was not directly connected with one of the great parishes, but the celebration was instituted by two of the canons of St. Gereon's collegiate church with the approval of the rest of the chapter, and it was to be observed amongst them every year, *proxima quinta feria post octavam pentecostes*, for all future time. The canons were to walk in procession wearing purple choir copes, and the Body of Christ was to be carried (*cum Corpore Christi deportato*), as also the head of the holy martyr St. Gereon, and the "crown of St. Helen, the Queen." The procession was to traverse the cloisters and to go as far as the neighbouring parish church of St. Christopher, all this solemnity being directed, we are told, "to the praise and honour of the Body of our Lord Jesus Christ."¹ This celebration at Cologne is the earliest known example of an eucharistic procession on Corpus Christi, and though it is, of course, possible that there may have been other similar functions carried out at Liège or elsewhere, we have no documentary evidence of the fact in any other instance. Now this is surely a reason why the clergy and people of Cologne, even in war time, should be loath to suspend an impressive ceremony which can be proved to have taken place there for some six centuries and a half almost without interruption.

On the other hand as a specimen of the more vulgar appeal to religious prejudice, regardless alike of reason and history, we may call attention to an article of Sir Hall Caine in the *Daily Express*, of June 4th, entitled "A Spiritual Disaster." The writer describes the action of Great Britain in this incident as "an astounding blunder, which had its origin in want of historical memory, want of knowledge of the psychology of the enemy, want of imagination, and want even of logical thought." All these things, we infer, might so easily have been avoided if the Foreign Office had only submitted the matter to one competent adviser who is always ready to place at their disposal the experi-

¹ See the article of Dr. P. Jörres in the *Römische Quartalschrift*, 1902, pp. 170—180, "Beiträge zur Geschichte der Einführung des Frohnleichnams festes."

ence he has gained in dealing with the deepest problems of human existence. For instance, to take the historical question, Sir Hall Caine—by simply consulting the *Encyclopædia Britannica*—could have told them that

Corpus Christi is not the festival of whose record the Roman Church has most reason to be proud. It began badly; it became symbolical of the most tyrannical exercise of sacerdotal power; for centuries it had harmful religious associations.

Sir Hall Caine prudently does not particularize. To say the truth the *Encyclopædia* at this point rather leaves him in the lurch. Undoubtedly that standard work assures us that *Corpus Christi* became "in a high degree symbolical of the exaltation of the sacerdotal power," but the only illustration it advances by way of proof is a footnote, which informs us that "nothing caused more offence to Liberal sentiment in France after the Restoration than the spectacle of King Louis XVIII. walking with a candle in the procession through the streets of Paris." A shocking thing indeed which was bound to outrage the susceptibilities of any sensitive *sans-culotte*! A king might ride in a tumbril to the Place de la Révolution and preserve his dignity, but to walk after the Host and carry a candle! Could there be a more tyrannical exercise of sacerdotal power?

There is something to our mind delightfully quaint in the idea of Sir Hall Caine converting a column of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* into Manxian heroics and then turning round indignantly to rebuke the Government for a want of historic memory. If anyone doubts the source of Sir Hall's inspiration we can only ask him to read the two and compare them. For example, when we remember that the Eucharistic Congress had absolutely nothing to do with the feast of Corpus Christi, the following parallel is a little suggestive:—

The Encyclopædia.

In most countries where religious opinion is sharply divided the procession of Corpus Christi is therefore now forbidden, even when Catholicism is the dominant religion. In England occasional breaches of the law in this respect have been for some time tolerated, as in the case of the Corpus Christi procession annually held by the Italian community in London. An attempt to hold a public procession of the Host in connexion with the Eucharistic Congress at Westminster in 1908, however, . . . was eventually abandoned owing to the personal intervention of the prime minister.

Sir Hall Caine.

As a consequence the procession of Corpus Christi has long been discouraged in Catholic communities where religious liberalism has attained to a supremacy, and it has been suppressed in nearly all Protestant countries. Nevertheless the annual procession still survives in many parts of Italy, Belgium and Austria and it has even been permitted to the Italian community in London, although it was forbidden or abandoned at Westminster ten years ago.

We wonder what the Encyclopædia writer and Sir Hall Caine respectively understand by "the Italian community in London"?

One final remark we must be allowed to add, not certainly because we have any great confidence in the integrity or straightforwardness of the rulers of Germany, but because we have no right to reproach others with unfair dealing unless we set a good example of candour ourselves. A great outcry has been raised in the English Press because on Corpus Christi day, when our air forces were pledged to refrain from any attack on Cologne, shells were still fired on Paris and bombs dropped by the Germans as usual, even, it is said, on hospitals. It is, however, only fair to remember that in France, for more than a hundred years past, Corpus Christi as a church holiday has been abolished on the Thursday, and that the *Fête Dieu* is kept on the following Sunday instead. It seems to be true that on that Sunday the Germans did not shell Paris, and were not guilty of any similar outrage.

H. T.

AMATEUR THEOLOGY.

THE sage who from time to time instructs the readers of the *Times* on matters of theology is blessed with an absolute consciousness of his personal infallibility and seldom feels the need of supplying reasons for what he urges but is confident that his categorical dictates will be received as sufficient motives for conviction. On the 15th of last month he condescended to give an instruction on the "Need of Theology," with the sub-title of "First Things First." Theology, he lays down, is entitled to be regarded as the Queen of Sciences, but if it is not to be a barren study it must be an honest interpretation of religious experience. . . . It has to do with the realities of life in God and man, and with all that men call religious. As Englishmen are essentially religious they are insistently asking just now questions which are really questions of theology, as Why did God allow this war? Why does He not stop it? Why does evil appear to be so strong and confident? Why has He permitted the world to be filled with mourners who have done no wrong? This sage seems to think that our people ought not to be under the necessity of putting these questions, and that if they do put them it is only explicable on the ground of the neglect or imperfect discernment of their religious teachers. "The failure of religious teachers" is apparent, he considers, in the fact that so many men put these inquiries and without knowing how to find the answers. Our preachers have failed to interpret religious experience. "Their preaching is concerned to quite an unjustifiable degree with secondary matters." But this does not appear conclusive. However much they may

have been occupied with secondary matters they have certainly devoted a good many sermons and articles to the very questions which the writer instances. Whether their solutions have always been satisfactory is another question, but one may say on the whole that some of them have helped solidly in that direction, and some of them have not. As, however, our sage evidently thinks that none of them have said anything to the purpose we cannot but wonder that he himself, who apparently has the key to the complete fund of religious experience, contributes nothing to supply for this omission of the preachers.

In face of this surprising omission let us examine the positive fault he does impute to the preachers, and see if we can extract from it any considerations which throw light on the true solution of the queries above formulated. The preachers, he says—not indicating which variety of that heterogeneous class he has in view, but clearly meaning those who make any pretensions whatever to orthodoxy—“appear to be absorbed in subordinate questions such as the history of the Christian ministry, the order of the Canon, the place of tradition, ecclesiastical politics, denominational interests.” He is indulgent enough to allow that these things have their subordinate place in religious life, but pronounces that “men are merely teased and irritated when they are driven to the conclusion that the accredited teachers of Christianity are more concerned with tithing mint, anise, and cummin than with the weightier matters of the nature of God and man, of life and death, and the hereafter, realities whose presence they feel sometimes very dimly, but powerfully enough to lead them to welcome a sympathetic interpreter of their meaning, if only he could be found.” This sounds like the voice of an antidogmatist, and that the sage is of this sort we are confirmed in thinking, not merely from what he has shown himself to be in his former instructions to *Times* readers, but from the sequel of his present instruction; for he goes on to charge our teachers with paying too much attention to secondary matters, even in their attempt to explicate the central fact of Christianity—the Incarnation.

Many laymen (he assures us) feel that they have heard enough for the present of the mode of the Incarnation and the nature of the Resurrection Body. Important as these matters are they are after all subsidiary to the Fact of Christ—and it is that fact with which men are concerned, and about which they have not heard enough. They wish to learn the secret of Him to whom they feel an irresistible attraction, but instead they find themselves hindered in their approach by a barbed-wire fence of definitions or challenged by the catchwords of controversies in which they have no interest and no

real concern. It is to hinder true discipleship to insist on these while neglecting the devout interpretation of that Life recorded in the Gospels, of Him whom men feel still lives in the plenitude of His influence in their hearts. They are ready to acknowledge Him if only the significance of their experience is plainly and boldly proclaimed.

Let us pull the disguise off this specious paragraph, and see what it comes to in its naked simplicity. When these Modernists talk of their religious experience and its interpretation, we must always remember that what they mean is their private judgment interpreting the text of the Gospel and the venerable beliefs of Christianity on principles which exclude the possibility of miracles and still more of the supernatural. The suggestion of the paragraph we have quoted is that the Modernists on whose behalf the sage is speaking should be allowed by the more orthodox of their co-religionists to explain to themselves what they find attractive in the "Fact of Christ," without being required to believe in His Divinity, Incarnation, Resurrection, or Second Coming, or again in such matters as the inspiration of the Bible, or the authority and dogmas of the Church. Well, they have surely what they seek in the present State Church, and even in some of the Dissenting sects. If they are ecclesiastics they can nestle in the comfortable recesses of the Deaneries, or aspire to Bishopricks, and perhaps before long they may even hope to mount archiepiscopal thrones, for they have now knives with which they have learnt to cut all the barbed-wire fences that used to keep them out. If they cannot even yet satisfy themselves that by their self-chosen procedure the Fact of Christ has become for them not merely a thing to talk about in clubs or drawing-rooms, or to lecture upon from pulpits and platforms, but one which can reach their hearts and satisfy their aspirations, as those find who have treated the barbed-wire fences as signposts to guide them, as pathways by which they can approach securely to the very presence chamber of the God-Man, in whose word they can repose trust, in whose embrace they can find love and protection—that is a matter for which they must hold themselves responsible. And to return to the point which the sage started from so bravely but abandoned so unaccountably, we may take note that this orthodox procedure provides what the other does not, a satisfactory solution to the questions about the war, for it and it alone can assure perplexed minds that these distressing facts are permitted indeed to the free will of perverse men, but overruled by a loving God who can watch over His own and keep them safe in the very midst of the furnace.

S. F. S.

CATHOLIC CONFEDERATION.

THE State of Georgia, one of the original thirteen, is in area slightly larger than England and Wales. It contains about 2,876,000 inhabitants, of whom 19,000 (about .65%) are Catholics. The vast majority of the non-Catholics are Baptists or Methodists, and anti-Catholic bigotry, fanned by a section of the press, is extremely virulent. As a consequence, the State has the unenviable distinction of having passed a convent-inspection bill, and Catholics have long been subject to abuse and threatened with further penal legislation. In the circumstances it occurred to the Bishop of Savannah, whose diocese is coterminous with the State, that judgment against his people would be likely to go by default, if nothing more than the Church's ordinary missionary efforts was employed in their defence. Accordingly about two years ago he suggested the formation of a society of Catholic laymen who should undertake the exposition of current errors about the Faith, and the refutation of various anti-Catholic calumnies in the press, with the view of establishing a better understanding between Catholics and their fellow-citizens, and of thus checking the artificially stimulated growth of religious rancour which threatened their own and their children's future. There was nothing novel about this suggestion and alas! as little novel about the circumstances that prompted it. What does seem new is the skill, energy, persistence and success with which it has been carried out. A "Catholic Layman's Association of Georgia" was founded in August, 1916, got to work in May, 1917, and in the twelve months that have since elapsed has effected an almost complete revolution in what may be called the "press-standing" of Catholicism throughout the States. By dint of letters to the press in refutation of mistaken and calumnious charges, brief items of Catholic interest, advertisements and direct correspondence with the various editors, whenever they touched upon Catholic affairs *either in praise or blame*, the Publicity Bureau of the Association has managed to purge the Georgian press, with the obvious exception of the Watson publications, of the virus of anti-Catholicism, and thus helped to form amongst non-Catholics a salutary opinion against the irrelevant intrusion of religious differences into civic or State affairs. The Publicity Bureau comprises three annually elected members, but the main work obviously falls upon the Editor, Mr. Benedict Elder, and the Manager, Mr. J. J. Farrell. The Editor represents the Knights of Columbus, the great American Catholic organization which is spread over the whole of the country, and which established a few years ago a Religious Prejudice Commission with precisely the same object as the smaller

body. In pursuance of this object it took upon itself the financing of the Georgian scheme with the result that in less than a year the Bureau has been able to distribute free amongst the prominent citizens of Georgia about 150,000 copies of the six or seven pamphlets on the religious and historical aspects of the Church which up to this time it has produced. The mailing-list of the Bureau last August numbered 23,000, and no doubt it has grown since.

But that is only a part of its activity. It has inserted in the bulk of Georgia's 200 newspapers the following advertisement:

ABOUT ROMAN CATHOLICS.

Get your information first-hand. Upon request we will tell you their belief and position, their practices and obligations, their rights and duties as they bear on civic and social relations, public questions and good citizenship.

The Catholic Laymen's Association of Georgia.

which has drawn a host of inquiries, not only from all parts of Georgia, but from many others of the Southern States, questions which cover not only the doctrines of the Church, but every species of slander and myth that has grown round her name. Once such obstacles are cleared away it is natural that men of good-will should push their inquiries further, but the Association is not "out" for making converts. It sticks to its original purpose of providing an organized defence against an organized attack upon the faith. And in this, up to the outbreak of war, it had the support of the whole body of Catholics throughout the States, represented by the Knights of Columbus. Now, there is a more immediate call upon the funds of that organization which is devoting its immense resources to providing chaplains for the troops and Red Cross Work, but the Georgian Publicity Bureau has not on that account closed down. On the contrary, when the question arose of suspending its activities for the time being, the laity protested that the work must go on, for the war has only made the forces of bigotry more unscrupulous and they have promised their Bishop that they themselves will shoulder the whole cost.¹ A noble example to the Catholic world.

The mention of it provokes some inevitable reflections. Are not our needs and dangers much the same as those of the Catholics of Georgia, yet have we with all our resources in numbers and experience anything to show comparable to their Publicity Bureau? Surrounded as we are by a vast non-Catholic population which, as the war has shown, is easily provoked to anti-Catholicism, have we evolved in the way of defence anything half so efficient as

¹ See an inspiring account of the whole crusade from the pen of the Bishop of Savannah in the *Ecclesiastical Review*, May, 1918,

the work of this little isolated community? Is there anything approaching Catholic *solidarity* in our extra-ecclesiastical organization in support of our Faith? The *Catholic Directory* gives a brave list of Catholic Associations attached to each diocese, all with admirable programmes, few adequately supported, none effectively co-ordinated. The well-stocked armoury of the Catholic Truth Society cannot be properly used, because the body is so inadequately supported both by clergy and people. The Vigilance Committee of the Westminster Federation merely represents a section of the Catholics of a section of the metropolis, and cannot count on extra-diocesan aid. There are a few other bodies in the north, notably the Salford Federation, which are alive to this especial need of the times. But the fact remains that, in spite of the crying importance of union and apart from the directly clerical organization, the Catholic cause is supported only by local and occasional efforts. Even our National Congresses have never been thoroughly representative. Ten years ago, the loss of power and influence thus caused was widely recognized and, at the Eucharistic Congress of 1908, attempts were made to unite all local bodies of homogeneous aims in one great confederation. Nothing, however, effectual was done till the Leeds Congress of 1910, when the "Catholic Confederation" was formally constituted with a Central Council, to serve as a means of intercommunication between diocesan units (whether the Diocesan Federation, or some corresponding Association, Union, or League) so as to combine and solidify Catholic action.¹ One would have thought the wisdom and the advantage of such a combination of forces sufficiently obvious. Yet in 1912 out of a list of federal bodies in the different dioceses numbering twenty-five in all, eight still remained outside the Confederation, whilst three dioceses were still unprovided with any organization having the necessary scope. At the Norwich Congress in 1912 seventeen federal bodies were represented, and, although Cardinal Bourne took occasion of the sectional meeting to declare the absolutely non-political character of the movement, and his dream "that it would unite all Catholics of every political creed, of every nationality, and of every social position," his Eminence's "dream" has not yet been fully realized. The war, whilst making activity of this sort more difficult, has at once increased the need and the opportunity. Never has the advantage of Catholic unity been more obvious for the defence of Catholic rights and interests against unjust aggression. But we fail to recall any occasion since the war when the Confederation has been

¹ See, for its history, constitution, and programme, the *Catholic Social Year-Book* for 1911, pp. 121-6.

able to speak for the Catholic body of this country. For practical purposes it would seem not to exist.

It is in no captious spirit that these facts are recalled here. It is not that British Catholics are notably apathetic: it is want of guidance and organization that tends to waste valuable energy. Recent events have brought into notice another Catholic society, which has practically the same general programme as the various federal bodies we have mentioned, the "Catholic Union." It is considerably older than the latter but is not, we believe, very widely extended. It certainly does not itself aim at being a Union of the Catholic forces of the country, nor is it represented in the still incomplete Catholic Confederation. But, since there is nothing in scope to differentiate the two bodies, and since both are professedly non-political, we are tempted to ask—is there really room for both? Is not their separate existence in a sense a negation of the Cardinal's ideal of a fully representative combination based upon nothing but zeal for the Catholic cause? It would be unbecoming in a private individual to propose a solution of the problem, but the statement and discussion of it is surely a matter of interest for all Catholics. It is the merest common sense to economize our slender forces. How shall our religious unity have its full and due effect, if in social and civic matters affecting the Faith we remain divided and uncombined?

J. K.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

The Pope
and
The Allies.

The fact that the Germans bombarded Paris on Corpus Christi Day, whereas the Allies, at the request of the Pope, abstained on that day from attacking Cologne, occasioned throughout the secular Press of this country the usual exhibition of ignorant ill-will towards the Papacy. With many of these papers the Pope must be wrong, whatever he does or does not do, and their only rule is to abuse him *a priori* on all occasions. *Signum cui contradicetur*, it is his existence, rather than his action that irritates the secularist. He shouldn't be there: he was abolished long ago: the world has outgrown him: the modern mind ignores him: he is a futile anachronism representing a false ideal: his claims are arrogant, fantastic, impossible of acceptance by educated people. Consequently he is a legitimate target for calumny and insult, and one need not stop to consider the circumstances or effects of any particular move of his. We do not say that these views are hung up in any particular editorial office, but they are logically drawn

from many editorial comments on Papal action. It happens that on this occasion the correctness of the Pope's action turns out to have been beyond all except openly malicious cavil, such as that of the Protestant Alliance. He took occasion of the German Cardinal's request on May 20th for a respite from air-raids during the Cologne Corpus Christi procession to ask all the belligerents to respect the solemnities of that day. That is the obvious interpretation of Cardinal Gasparri's telegram—"The Holy Father trusts that *all* the belligerents will pay special regard to Corpus Christi day and has therefore *adopted every measure* to ensure that the sacramental processions on the feast of Corpus Christi can take place peacefully"—a statement which would not be correct if the German Government had not also been requested to abstain.¹ As a matter of fact, the British and French Governments, to their credit, acceded to the request: the German, as will surprise no one, did not. That is surely not the Pope's fault: he did unsolicited for the Allies what he was asked to do for the Germans, and all the return he gets from the bigots is abuse. Moreover, the women and children of Paris were in no special danger on Corpus Christi, for the French Government does not allow that day to be consecrated by Eucharistic processions, and the French themselves on that feast two years ago had bombed a Corpus Christi display at Karlsruhe and killed many processionists. All this throws into greater relief the true humanity of the Papal action, which itself had the further effect of exposing the ruthlessness of German war-policy.

**Law and
Convention
in Warfare.**

It is worth noting in connection with the bombardment of Paris that that capital, unlike Scarborough or even London, is technically a "fortified place," and liable, therefore, to enemy assault by all the laws of war. The fortress of Paris stood a siege in 1870 and, according to M. Clemenceau, is prepared to do so again. Consequently, air-raids directed against this "fortress" are not strictly illegal. Nor again is there anything specially brutal in firing upon it from a great distance. Of the two forms of bombardment—long-range shelling and bomb-dropping from aeroplanes—the former is much the less harmful, for the shells are necessarily small and infrequent. Our publicists are so anxious to brand the Hun with infamy that they often fail to distinguish between convention and law, or between what is accidentally and what is essentially evil. How often in the familiar summary of German outrages do we find the use of poison-gas bracketed with the sinking of the *Lusitania*? Yet the former was only

¹ The full correspondence may be seen in the *Osservatore Romano*, June 3rd. As usual the brief press-agency telegrams give a wholly misleading impression of what occurred.

debarred by a humanitarian agreement, which might equally well have debarred the use of shrapnel, whilst the latter, the direct and intentional killing of non-combatants, was morally murder. The proof is that the Allies, who profess to regard the dictates of morality, use poison-gas freely but do not—or rather would not if they had the chance—sink enemy passenger-steamers or innocent neutrals. As to bombing undefended towns, which with the Pope we hold to be unlawful unless there is some direct military objective, it is noticeable that in each of the 55 raids made on 16 German towns during May, many of them in the day-time, the objectives officially recorded as having been reached—stations, factories, barracks, gas-works—are all of this character. Karlsruhe, as far as we know, remains the one blot upon the Allied air-record, and even that lapse is pale compared with the indelible stain on German humanity incurred through their recent air-attacks on Red-cross camps and the torpedoing of hospital ships.

What are we
fighting for.

As the war drags on and becomes, for those not actively engaged in it, a thing of habit, the nobler impulses of zeal for justice and self-sacrificing patriotism with which it started have largely ebbed away—an ominous sign thereof being the preoccupation of the public mind by the considerations of commercial gains and the marked recrudescence in the press of the party-spirit. We have a War-Cabinet practically supreme, we have a National War-Aims Committee founded precisely to keep before the world the objects for which we are fighting; but neither body dares or cares *officially* to define our obscured ideals or to emulate the spirit of disinterestedness which America, in the person of her President, loses no opportunity of proclaiming. Hence the all-pervading mistrust of our "censored" news and official answers which move the ordinary citizen to cynicism or anxiety or irritation, according to his bent. If officials are silent or ambiguous, there are hundreds of unofficial scribes, constantly engaged in defining *their* various ideals and only succeeding in darkening counsel. Nothing is wanting in clearness or nobility to the programme our statesmen enunciated at the beginning of the war—to vindicate justice, to rehabilitate the little nations, to exact reparation, to establish security and peace. But then came the elevation of certain accidental advantages—commercial and territorial gains, trade monopolies and so forth—into prominence until in the minds of many they seemed to take the place of our high essential ends, and finally, to give colour and substance to growing suspicions, the publication by the Bolsheviks in November last of certain secret agreements, which were concerned merely with material interests and inspired in many points by ideals incompatible with our professed war-aims. Most of these, amongst them, the stipulation

on the part of the Tzardom that Poland should *not* be free and independent, have happily gone into smoke with the collapse of that tyranny, but the fact that they could have been made gave a shock to whole-hearted believers in the Allied cause. The most important of all, that on the strength of which Italy entered the war, and which in several articles does not square with our disinterested professions, still stands. It was not made by the present Government and the question of its revision will probably be raised by the next: in fact, as the Foreign Secretary implied in Parliament on June 20th, it is liable to modification by change of circumstances, amongst which we may surely reckon a better appreciation of the evils of Imperialism. And clearly this is not the time, when Italy has rallied so bravely and is fighting with such constancy to drive the invader from her soil, to urge these diplomatic points. Still there are many signs—and the more they are multiplied the better—that the strong American plea for justice at whatever sacrifice of self-interest is helping once more to purify and elevate our aims. It is ill trying to fight for God and Mammon together.

Italy
and
Article XV.

But the air is not yet cleared. Lord Braye on June 13th questioned the Government on the subject of their leaving unanswered the Pope's Peace Note and joining, by Article 15 of the Italian Treaty, in an agreement to support Italy's desire to exclude the Papacy from undertaking "any diplomatic steps having for their object the conclusion of peace or the settlement of questions connected with the present war"—a vague phrase which is taken to cover the exclusion of the Pope from the Peace Conference. The question elicited the usual unsatisfactory response. The Government intended no disrespect by their silence: they associated themselves with the American answer and that fact "was made public at the time." Yes, by a declaration in Parliament provoked by a question, not by the communication with the Holy See that diplomatic courtesy demanded. That is what Catholics complain of. As for the projected exclusion of the Papal representative from the Peace Conference, it is doubtless the right of the belligerents to decide whether neutrals should be admitted to that meeting, but what affronts the Catholic world is that the one neutral Sovereign whose sway, though spiritual, is universal, should be pointedly discriminated against. In a settlement which concerns the welfare of the whole world, it is surely advisable that the whole world should concur, though of course the main decisions will rest with those who have spent their blood and treasure to vindicate justice and restore peace. For those ends the Pope has incessantly laboured in the measure of

his opportunities, and his achievements surpass those of any other neutral Sovereign. It may be that herein too, and not alone in the matter of Yugo-Slavia, Italy will see reason to modify her views of three years ago, and expunge the obnoxious Article XV.

**To Reconstruct
the Past.**

The "reconstruction" of social life and ideals, not to say of international relations, which all see to be so necessary and for which so many are working and fighting, does not concern the future only: men must revise their principles as well as their ideals: in fact, the future cannot be arranged aright, until men have arrived at a sound judgment of the past. We can already see in certain broad outlines what has been wrong with modern civilization: militarism—the doctrine that might makes right and war is the chief instrument of policy—is, we hope, thoroughly exposed and discredited: the practical enslavement and degradation of the worker through the immoral pursuit of wealth—that, too, is seen to be evil and injurious to the State; the equal rights of all national entities, small as well as great, to independence and integrity—to that much lip-service at any rate is paid: how burdensome to the State is the idler, whether he be rich or poor,—that our necessities are teaching us. But in the past, as our written records testify, these evils were ignored or condoned or even glorified. In our histories the moralist was silenced by the patriot: in our economics the accumulation of wealth was held to justify every evil means adapted to that end, and practically all our literature was vitiated by the false philosophy and ethics of the Reformation. It is through this distorted medium that the non-Catholics around us view the past, and consequently they cannot profit as they ought by the teachings of history. It says much for the innate capacity of the human mind for appreciating truth that despite the handicap of education from such sources, so many succeed in shaking off part at least of the load of error with which they were burdened in youth. Others alas! too indolent to engage in the search or finding their interest in some way involved in the maintenance of the old false tradition, only grow more attached to it and weaken their ability to shake themselves free. The present cataclysm gives such minds their chance. The war is the fruit of an evil materialistic philosophy which has denied God and therefore discarded justice; which makes self—the individual self or the nation-self—the centre of service; which scorns Christ and the Christian Church and the Christian code. Many minds who were unconsciously under its influence in peace time can now tell its true character by its results. There can be no real reconstruction until this unjust selfishness is discarded as a guide, until the social war of competitive industry, unchecked by

any law save that of self-interest, is repudiated as another form of militarism, until Manchesterism and Prussianism are alike exorcised from the body politic.

**False History
the obstacle.**

It will not be easy to "reconstruct" the past, to discard false historical views, to get rid of the poison of unsound philosophy, to restore Christian morality in all relations, to destroy the master-lie of the Reformation—the autonomy of human reason in every sphere. It means the return of human society to practical Christianity, a more difficult task than clearing the Hun out of France. And the difficulty is not lessened by the fact that the fruits of the sixteenth-century revolt are still maturing in much of our current thought and literature. We do not speak of the anti-Christian attack which, whether disguised as Low Protestantism or Rationalism or any of the "freak" religions, we may expect till the end of time, but of literature conceived in unconscious error or ignorance, of the mentality which has been taught that there is no absolute truth and no fixed morality. The re-writing of history must thus be extended to the correction and refutation of the new-born errors of each day, until the public mind becomes possessed of sound principles and accurate information. If past records alone were at fault, how immense were still the field of labour. The true historian as distinguished from the chronicler, must be a moralist; he must deal with motives and principles, or else more than half his tale is untold. But what if the historian himself is not ethically sound, if he thinks a successful result justifies the means, if his motto is "my country, right or wrong," or his aim "not to let the Whig dogs have the best of it?" And what if he entertains fixed convictions or prejudices contrary to fact,—for instance, that the Catholic Church is a man-made institution and not a divine remedy for the healing of the nations? Until a history is produced for use in the non-Catholic schools of this country which submits all historical characters and happenings to the test of Christian morality, due allowance being made for the contemporary degree of ethical development and of real knowledge of the Christian faith, we shall have to reconstruct the future without much aid from the lessons of the past.

**The Crusade
for
Truth.**

In connection with the work of countering the current flood of misrepresentation—a work which we are glad to see the Cardinal in his Haverstock Hill address on June 12th commended very earnestly to the Catholic Federation in all its branches—it is clearly the need of the time. "How shall they hear without a preacher?" How shall error be prevented from becoming inveterate or falsehood from having too long a start, unless the press

which spreads the poison provides the antidote also? There must of course be some discrimination: only influential papers and writers need be noticed. We may ignore the *Protestant Alliance Magazine*, we need only smile when Mrs. Alec Tweedie writes of Mexico (in 1917!), "at this time the influence of the priests had become very great," or when she says that "priests and Jesuits had done much to foment the [Irish] rebellion," and that "Rasputin, a German Jesuit," caused the Russian revolution. But the matter becomes more serious when a widespread paper like *John Bull* brings monstrous charges about the Pope, or the *National Review* admits a grossly unfair account of the Church's action in the war, or *The Times' History of the War* repeats the myth so dear to Mr. Bagot—that the Caporetto débâcle was in part caused by the Pope's August Peace Note. These fictions will be regarded as facts unless vigorously rebutted. A real crusade is needed, carefully organized and well sustained. There is much isolated effort. This periodical devotes some of its scanty space to the task, Mr. Britten provides an amusing, useful and all-too-short Antidote section in *C.B.N.*, the *Catholic Gazette* and other monthlies are much alive to the need. Our weekly Press does its share valiantly, but there is no co-ordination, no collecting of errors worth refuting, above all, no pooling of results. It is guerilla warfare at best.

**Doubts
about the
Education Bill.**

The Education Bill has nearly passed the Commons, and Catholic opinion is still divided as to its possible effect on the future of Catholic schools. In the north it is generally maintained that the Catholic position under the Bill is very insecure, that in other words, no adequate provision has been made in the developments contemplated for the maintenance of Catholic educational rights, even to the extent in which they were recognized under the Act of 1902. The absence of the Irish Members, by whose help that Act was made more or less acceptable, from Parliament during the discussion has prevented the Catholic position from being effectively urged: in fact, trusting in Mr. Fisher's assurances, which are doubtless sincere but cannot possibly bind the Board of Education or the local authorities of the future, Catholic Members actually voted for the Government against amendments which would have given us some security. There is no sign that denominational requirements will be regarded in the public provision of central or of continuation schools, or even that Catholics will be allowed to make any provision of their own: this indeed is the form in which Mr. Fisher's promise not to touch the denominational agreement of 1902 expresses itself. And henceforward the Board of Education will deal directly only with the

local educational authority, so that Catholic schools will be exposed to every variety of arbitrary treatment, for the directions in the Bill for the guidance of such authorities are, for the most part, advisory not obligatory. We have suffered so from administrative action on the part of the Board of Education itself—and the re-enactment of the flagrantly unjust Articles 23-24 of the Secondary Schools Regulations under Mr. Fisher's own auspices shows how much he is in the hands of the machine—to contemplate without apprehension an extension of that bureaucratic system. Is it too late for Catholics north and south to take united action on so vital a matter? We have no wish to wreck the Bill nor to delay for one moment the extension and improvement of education that it provides, but we want a recognition set down in black and white that consistent Christianity is not to be penalized by its provisions, and that no school shall be deprived of the proposed educational advantages because in addition to secular learning it also teaches religion.

Ignoring Parental Rights.

Exception may justly be taken on other grounds to some of the ideals of the Bill. When the dangerous Clause 10 was passed *The Times* rejoiced that "Mr. Fisher had his way" for this amongst other reasons "that it [the country] intends that as soon as possible the State shall exercise continuous control over all young persons, *who are not being otherwise educated*, from early childhood right through the difficult and critical years of adolescence." This would seem to claim somewhat too much for "the State"—a convenient abstraction for those who, by one means or other and for one or other object, obtain temporary control of our destinies. The clause we have underlined is, we suppose, an indirect concession to parental rights. But the exercise of parental rights depends upon parental powers, whereas your bureaucrat is apt to imagine that the absence of parental powers destroys parental rights. The State's function in this matter, as Catholics hold, is secondary and supplementary. It must insist in the child's interest more than in its own upon a certain minimum of education which will prevent its citizens growing up as ignorant savages, it may and should, again in the child's interest, prevent the exploitation of the young by excessive or premature or degrading labour, but, these abuses being obviated, it has *per se* no right to dictate to the parent the kind or degree of education the child shall receive. The "reconstruction" of society cannot be soundly based except on the restoration of industrial conditions which shall enable normal parents to exercise their right to superintend the education of their offspring. On that account, it is regrettable that Clause 10, which makes continuation classes compulsory, was passed without

provision for those parents whom inadequate wages leave partially dependent on the labour of their older children. This is a real and grave infringement of parental right.

**Education
versus
Profits.**

With another cause of *The Times'* rejoicing we have more unqualified sympathy. "The country," it declares, has shown "that it is not prepared to allow industry to be based on child-labour any longer than can be helped." We trust that this is so, but in so far as commercial interests represent the country we see little sign of it. The whole education debate was dominated by the claims of industry. A critic of Mr. Fisher said, not in the Commons, that "he seemed to take the scholastic attitude and not the broad point of view required in a great commercial nation,"¹ and another that "up to now the Education Minister had been a pure visionary; education before clothes, before food and before everything seemed to be the only purpose in his mind." Cheap labour, greater profits—what *should* come before these desiderata?—certainly not human minds and souls. The outlook of these gentlemen, both representatives of employers' organizations, "rests," says *The Athenaeum* in its cold scientific way, "upon standards of value which are essentially economic." Education is useful only if it helps the production of wealth: it is not an end in itself, even from the earthly point of view. Mr. Arthur Henderson, the labour leader, is somewhat more enlightened: ²

To those who say that an abundant supply of cheap juvenile labour is necessary to industry, we answer "Hands off the children!" They are the nation of the future. They ought to be regarded as potential parents and potential citizens not to be sacrificed,—as they have been in the past—to the temporary convenience of industry and to considerations of private profit. Industry exists for human beings, not human beings for industry; and if the exigencies of employers and the welfare of children conflict, then the former must give way to the latter, not the latter to the former.

This is sound economy as well as plain Christianity. That it should need emphasizing even now shows how superficial our Christianity still is, and how as ever covetousness is the root of every kind of evil.

¹ Quoted and italicized by *The Athenaeum*, June, 1918, p. 254.

² Speech on May 25th.

**To
Save
the Child.**

Whilst Mr. Fisher is working according to his lights for the improvement of national education, there are others equally zealous who are beginning further back and doing what they can to secure that there shall be no unnecessary dearth of children to educate. That is the meaning of the annual campaign known as "Baby Week" which begins the month of July. The practice of "race-suicide" against which, in so far as it is due to artificial interference with natural processes, we have so often protested as a grievous sin akin to murder, is only one aspect of the problem, one which does not grow brighter as the war goes on, seeing that the number of births last quarter was the lowest on record since 1855. Of children brought to birth the death-rate in the first year is 93 per 1000 or nearly 10%. Much of this mortality is preventible, due to the unhealthy surroundings of mother and child, insufficient nourishment, ignorance of hygiene and all the usual incidents and accidents of life amongst the poor, so that it has been said with equal point and truth that it is more dangerous to be a baby in a slum than a soldier in a front trench. The National Baby Week Council are labouring to arouse public attention to this grievous blot on our Christianity and this serious menace to our national welfare, by Conferences, Exhibitions, Competitions and Lectures, for until public attention is aroused the attack upon the spirit that tolerates the slum and other forms of oppression of the poor cannot be waged with vigour and success. The address of the Council is 27a Cavendish Square, London, W. 1.

**Prebendary
Fox
once more.**

We have recently had experience on a small scale of one of those No-Popery scares with which we were much more familiar in the mid- and late-Victorian era. The mildness of the attack followed the well-known law by which an epidemic loses some of its virulence with each recurring visitation. But we may well be struck by the singularly close repetition of symptoms, which were noted in this periodical during the controversy aroused by Gladstone's famous "Expostulation." *THE MONTH* wrote in December, 1874:

And what off-set is there to compensate Mr. Gladstone [for religious disturbance caused by his pamphlet]? That two or three men, who can in no sense be regarded as typical Catholics, or representatives of the Catholic laymen of England, have rushed into print and eagerly proclaimed themselves heretics before the applauding public represented by the readers of *The Times*.

Quite a prophetic anticipation of the performance of "Civis Britannicus Sum!" And again in January, 1875:

The Times found its account in opening its columns to men of no importance and character, who had nothing to say which had not been a hundred times repeated, etc.

We have been led to look up this old controversy by some quotations from Gladstone's "Expostulation" made by a certain Prebendary Fox, a gentleman whom Mr. Britten convicted last year¹ of libelling the "Spiritual Exercises," but who when brought to book refused, after the manner of his kind, to retract and apologize. In the present instance he has discovered a still more portentous mare's-nest, viz., that the Kaiser is in league with the Pope to destroy Great Britain, and even that discovery he borrows from our old friend Dr. Alexander Robertson,² late of Venice. One of his *points d'appui* is a quotation from an article in *THE MONTH* for November, 1874, on Mr. Gladstone's "Durham Letter," in which the coming European war was prophesied, as it has been by writers innumerable since Prussianism grew strong in 1870-71, and the hope was expressed that anti-Catholic bigotry would not prevent Great Britain from being on the right side. Such is the sense of the passage which contemplates certain contingencies which have not in fact arisen, notably, the speedy collapse of the new Italian kingdom. Gladstone, in the reckless assault on Catholicism he was then conducting, seized on any argument, however paltry, that came to hand, but even his rhetorical genius could not make his use of this passage anything but ridiculous. Later on, in March, 1875, we find in our pages the following prophetic warning—

We sincerely hope that Catholics in general will not suppose that they are to live in peace and comfort henceforth and for ever because Dr. Newman, Dr. Ullathorne and the Archbishop of Westminster have so completely shown the worthlessness of Mr. Gladstone's charges.

Prebendary Fox and his kind afford us the melancholy satisfaction of verifying by our own experience the sagacity of our predecessors.

THE EDITOR.

¹ See *THE MONTH*, May, 1917. *The Tablet*, April 14, 1917.

² For some account of this worthy, see "The Methods of Dr. Alexander Robertson" in *The Antidote*, Vol. III. pp. 91-7. (C.T.S.)

III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

Bishops, The Doctrinal Authority of [Peter Finlay, S.J. in *Studies*, June, 1918, p. 193].

Grace and Nature [E. R. Hull, S.J. in *Examiner*, April 27, May 4, 11, 18, 1918].

Marriage : Regulations of the New Code [Rev. M. A. Gearin in *Ecclesiastical Review*, May, 1918, p. 473].

Prohibition, Anti-Catholic character of [Rev. B. J. McNamara in *Ecclesiastical Review*, May, 1918, p. 495 : I. T. Martin in *America*, May 25, 1918, p. 161].

Thomas Aquinas : How far his teaching is obligatory [F. Cavallera in *Bulletin de Littérature Ecclesiastique*, March—April, 1918, p. 115 : J. Rivière in *Revue du Clergé Français*, June 15, 1918, p. 401].

Trinity, Dogma of, in Christian life and thought [G. Bardy in *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, June 1, 15, 1918, p. 257, 353].

War, The Catholic doctrine of [Professor Rahilly in *Studies*, June, 1918, p. 227].

CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

Anti-Catholic History [J. J. Walsh in *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, Jan., 1918, p. 1].

Catholic Disabilities still existing [*Tablet*, June 22, 1918, p. 785].

Catholic Publicity : the lay apostolate [M. Williams in *America*, June 8, 1918, p. 206 : *Month*, July, 1918, p. 58].

Dogma, The Revolt against [F. A. Palmieri, O.S.A. in *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, Jan., 1918, p. 113].

Fox, Further Exposure of Prebendary [*Catholic Book Notes*, June, 1918, p. 163].

Gibbon and the True Cross [H. Belloc in *Studies*, June, 1918, p. 210].

Luther : His historical significance [J. M. O'Sullivan in *Studies*, June, 1918, p. 286].

Pope and the War, The : Cardinal Bourne on Press misstatements [*Tablet*, June 15, 1918, p. 762 : *Universe*, June, 14, 1918, p. 9].

Protestant Proselytism amongst Belgians, etc. [J. Britten in *Month*, July, 1918, p. 13].

Science, Services to, by Believers [A. Eymieu in *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, June 1, 1918, p. 268].

POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

Baudrillart, Mgr. : Member of the Academy, His career [Y. de la Brière in *Etudes*, June 5, 1918, p. 609].

Church, The Catholic, the founder of Libraries [E. von R. Wilson in *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, Jan., 1918, p. 21].

Conscription, Basis of Irish Resistance to [Archbishop McIntyre in *Universe*, June 28, 1918 (reprinted at 1d. or 15 for 1s.)].

International Law [M. I. X. Millar, S.J. in *Catholic World*, June, 1918, p. 304].

Luxemburg, A plea for [Bishop of Salford in *The Catholic Federationist*, June, 1918].

Margaret Mary, Bl. and the Flag of the Sacred Heart [V. Bainvel in *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, June 15, 1918, p. 321].

Mass-wine legal in Oklahoma [P. L. Blakely in *America*, June 8, 1918, p. 222].

Prohibition and the Mass in U.S.A. [M. Kenny, S.J. in *America*, May 11, 1918, p. 114].

Spiritism, Madame Palladino and [J. J. Walsh in *America*, June 1, 1918, p. 185].

REVIEWS

I—THE CHALLENGE OF THE UNIVERSE¹

THE Rev. C. J. Shebbeare's *Challenge of the Universe* is a volume contributed to the S.P.C.K.'s "Library of Christian Evidences." The Universe as set before the eyes of man challenges him to an inquiry into the nature of its origin. Does it imply the existence of a personal God who created it and ordered it, or does it consist with the theory of Naturalism which regards it as self-existent; and again, as a question consequent on this primary one, can we rest secure and happy in the trust that the God who made us is on the side of right and justice and will sustain and reward those who pursue it, or must we be content, with Mr. Bertrand Russell, whose *A Free Man's Worship* the author has specially in view as contending for the theory of *Naturalism*, to hold that "the individual soul must struggle alone, with what courage it can command, against the whole weight of a Universe which cares nothing for its hopes and fears"? Mr. Shebbeare bases his examination of these connected questionings on the Argument from Design, which he takes, rightly, to be the underlying argument on which the mass of theists rely. In this, however, he distinguishes between the "plain man's" form of it, and the revised form which he considers needful, if it is to hold its own against the criticisms of Darwin and Kant. It is this revised form which he investigates in the present treatise.

In chapter iv. we have the plain man's argument stated, and the defect which the author finds in it indicated. This argument is in two stages. First it concludes that the world is governed by principles, secondly that it is governed by a conscious mind. As regards the first of these stages the author approves, following its lines and expounding them clearly and discerningly in his own exposition—these lines being that Nature exhibits throughout a *regularity* in everywhere conforming itself to rules; an appearance of *co-operation* among its various parts, especially among the organs of organic bodies; *aesthetic effects* in the schemes of light and colour it displays; a *unity of system* in so far as similar laws hold good throughout all its parts. It is to the second stage of the argument that he takes exception. It moves, he thinks, too fast, assuming without sufficient warrant that government by a principle is the same thing as government by a conscious mind. But is it not? The phrase indeed, as thus expressed, is a little too indefinite, for

¹ A popular restatement of the Argument from Design. By the Rev. Charles Shebbeare, M.A. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Pp. xxiv. 244. Price, 7s. 6d. net. 1918.

the principle in question is the principle of order which pervades the universe, but is it not true that government by that principle essentially implies government by a conscious mind? The author says "no" not necessarily, for there are clear cases where these are not identical; the measurement of all triangles in the world are governed by the single principle that the three interior angles are equal to two right angles, yet no one would speak of triangles "as subjected to this principle by divine decree." Of course no one would, but does not the author see that just for that very reason his comparison is inappropriate? The geometrical relations between these mathematical figures are matters of necessary truth. But the relations between the various elements that compose the universe and reduce it to a cosmos are not necessary in themselves but contingent on the structure, the properties, the affinities, the collocation given to each and all of them, and it is out of the complexities of this multiplex but contingent fact that the exigence of an intelligent organizer and producer is deducible. It is here that teleology essentially comes in: for the order among contingent things is essentially a collocation and arrangement of these things in such wise that they must or may conspire by their active co-operation or relative position to bring about some *end*, whether that end be one of growth to maturity, or the exhibition of some æsthetic effect, or the prescription of some moral or spiritual standard of attainment to rational beings; and the ultimate cause which is alone able to effect such an order is one that can conceive the idea of such an order in the first stage of its activity, and arrange and produce the factors which will convert it into a practical reality in the second stage; in other words, such an ultimate cause must be an agent endowed with intelligence to conceive as well as with executive power to produce; and intelligence is essentially the attribute of a person. It may be objected indeed that this train of ratiocination establishes at best that there is an architect of the universe, not a God who created it out of nothing. And that is true, until we go a step further and, having established the certainty that there is a self-existent being (which can be done with ease, as this is the only alternative to a *processus ad infinitum*), we submit the idea of self-existence to analysis, whence we shall be able to infer that there can be only one self-existent being and that all-powerful. For, this being so, the hypothesis of a *substratum* of matter absolute and independent in itself is as effectually excluded, as the hypothesis of an absolute and infinite God is necessarily postulated.

For the want of this factor in the chain of his inference the author's argument is fundamentally weakened, or rather invalidated. Still there is much valuable matter in his book, especially in his demonstration of the rationality which pervades the universe,

for which he has a claim on the gratitude of his readers. Where he fails, beyond the omission to which we have referred, is in making clear the alternative process by which he would have us pass from government by principle to government by a personal God. Most of his readers will we fear miss this link in the chain altogether; nor do we think that expressed as he expresses it, it has any real validity.

2—DOMINUS NOSTER¹

THE idea of Dr. Anderson Scott's book is, as its sub-title indicates, to study the progressive recognition of Jesus Christ our Lord in the books of the New Testament. As he explains it more definitely in his short preface, we have to distinguish between the old view-point and the newer and better one which, at all events in his judgment, has succeeded it. From that old view-point men "saw the thought of the New Testament as lying on one level plane, the ideas about Christ which were held by those who believed in Him being constant from Matthew to Revelation. The image that now presents itself is rather that of a sea thrown into turmoil by the wind of the Spirit, or of a liquid in a vessel violently disturbed by chemical reaction and only slowly settling down into crystalline forms." We cannot altogether accept this theory of New Testament interpretation which, as thus stated, implies that the sacred writers who came first in chronological order had only an imperfect knowledge of the true nature of our Lord's personality. But if somewhat modified it becomes correct, for those writers had, under the providence of God, to instruct and convince the faithful, and this involved a progressive method for the latter, and, besides, raises a psychological problem in regard to the development in the minds of the sacred writers themselves. At all events the author sees clearly that St. Paul and St. John realized that our Lord was God at a time when they did not yet venture to call Him by that ineffable name in the same categorical manner as did later ecclesiastical writers. We are confronted, says the author, with this significant fact, "The writers of the New Testament . . . do not call Christ God, but with one accord take up to Him an attitude which is what men do towards God alone." Dr. Scott then contrasts the pagan usage which did not hesitate to apply the name of God to their emperors and others, but never really worshipped them, and this Christian usage which, while abstaining from giving to Christ the name of God, did unhesitatingly, even from the first, give him the worship due to

¹ *A Study of the Progressive Recognition of Jesus Christ our Lord.* By Charles Anderson Scott, M.A., Cantab., and D.D., Aberdeen. Cambridge: Heffer and Sons. Pp. ix. 232. Price, 6s. net.

God alone. The Christian teachers, in other words, were striving to build up the true conception of the God-man, and meanwhile abstained from applying to Him a name which in the conditions of the age might have been so easily misunderstood.

But whilst we recognize that there is a truth in what the author is trying to bring out in his book although he is not sufficiently careful in defining its limits, we must express our dissent altogether from his confident limitations of the attributes of our Lord in denying Him to be omniscient and omnipotent, and describing the union of God and man in Him as "most adequately and satisfactorily expressed as a personal union realized progressively in an ethical process." But it is hard for a writer, however well-intentioned, to express all these mysterious dogmas correctly, unless supported by a constant tradition and a systematic theology such as Catholic thinkers have to rest upon.

3—EMINENT VICTORIANS

THERE is a good deal of clever and effective writing in the four biographical essays which Mr. Lytton Strachey has yoked together as four "haphazard visions" of the Victorian age. If we had only to deliver a verdict on the last three sketches we should not hesitate to commend them with few reserves. The tone is slightly flippant, but it is free from malice; details may not always be strictly accurate, but no reputation suffers; the portrait may be over fanciful, but then all the setting and surroundings show us that we are dealing with nothing more serious than an agreeable impressionist outline. For many of the younger generation of readers these three essays will tell them pleasantly enough all that they want to know, and more than they are likely to remember, about characters already so remote from contemporary thought as those of Dr. Arnold of Rugby, Florence Nightingale, and General Charles Gordon. But the study of Manning is a different matter. The cynicism, which is only intermittent in the other sketches, runs rampant here. It is generally cheap, and not seldom nasty as well, as, for example, when the writer says that "the holy simplicity of the *Christian Year* carried Keble's name into the remotest lodging-houses of England," or when he assures us that Newman and Keble saw "a whole universe of spiritual beings brought into communion with the Eternal by means of wafers."

Everyone who has any intimate acquaintance with the extant

¹ By Lytton Strachey. London: Chatto and Windus. Pp. 310. Price, 10s. 6d. 1918.

materials for Manning's Life will assuredly carry away the impression that this new critic has been at great pains to give prominence to every little incident which can help to present Manning in an unfavourable or ridiculous light. The essay is full of inaccuracies, from such trivial matters as the mis-spelling of Lord Feilding's name or the statement that Mr. Tierney received Manning into the Church, down to the grave misrepresentation of the arguments used in defence of infallibility or of the views of Pope John XXII. on the poverty of Christ. Again it would be hard to imagine a more preposterous travesty of the case for Masses put forward in Tract 90 than the remark that "the Articles condemned 'the sacrifice of the masses,' but they did *not* condemn 'the sacrifice of the Mass.'" Every clerical reader will detect the absurd misquotation of the text of the Articles, but to the majority of those who read this malicious satire on ecclesiasticism the author will seem to be making a perfectly fair point against the insincerity of the whole Tractarian outlook. Much might be said in condemnation of Mr. Strachey's effort to present Manning as a sort of ecclesiastical Mephistopheles, just as he seems to have ransacked all the photographers' stores to obtain the most unprepossessing portrait of him which he could possibly discover, but paper is scarce and it would serve no good purpose to prolong this notice further.

SHORT NOTICES

DEVOTIONAL.

NO clearer example can be given of development, whether of Christian doctrine or of Christian devotion than the *cultus* of the Blessed Virgin Mary in the Catholic Church. It illustrates admirably the fecundity of divine Truth and the practically inexhaustible significance resulting from the union of God with Man in the Incarnation. Père Baintel, in his study of the inner life of our Lady—*Le Saint Cœur de Marie* (Beauchesne: 4.80 fr.) is not concerned with theology, which he takes for granted, or with edification, though that is a necessary result, but with knowledge of character, character displaying itself in those fixed principles of conduct which we call virtues. Mary's life was pre-eminently a hidden life, and without loving contemplation may remain an unknown one. The perusal of this sound and sympathetic treatise cannot fail to give reality and substance to our devotion to God's Mother.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Duchess of Norfolk has reprinted, for private circulation, certain of the tributes to her husband's memory which appeared in the Press, under

the title **Henry Fitzalan Howard: Fifteenth Duke of Norfolk**. In a brief foreword she has preserved other extracts which testify to the widespread regard in which the Duke was held by all sections of the community. The longer memoirs are taken from *The Times*, *The Daily Telegraph*, and our own pages, and combined they form a fairly complete sketch of a great and many-sided personality. This handsome volume, which contains a fine photogravure of the Duke, will be valued beyond the range of the Howard connections as a vivid record of a life of high principle uniting in perfect harmony, to the lasting refutation of anti-Catholic prejudice, devotion to faith and fatherland.

The late Duke naturally occupies a prominent part in a bright little book, reprinted mainly from the *Catholic Fireside* and entitled **Ancient Arundel: its Churches, Town, Earls and Castle** (Washbourne: 2s. net), by Mervyn D. Francis. The author has enjoyed access to materials not within reach of the ordinary student, and has presented in brief compass a fairly exhaustive yet discriminating account of his subject. There are 20 illustrations, some beautiful and all useful.

POETRY.

There is nothing of the sad mechanic exercise like dull narcotics numbing pain about the graceful volume of poetry, **Nigel and other Verse** (Burns and Oates: 2s. 6d. net), which Mrs. Alys Trotter dedicates to the memory of her son, one of the innumerable bright young lives sacrificed to the Moloch of war. The poems are mostly suggested by aspects of the fight as seen from the "home front," and connected with the brief and gallant military career of "Nigel" (he was mortally wounded in action as early as October, 1914); simple in form and diction they owe their effect to the faith, the courage, the sympathy, the Christian hope, and the spiritual insight which shine through them. But there is much poetic art, too, beneath the simplicity, and an apt choice of phrase and image, which gives distinction to the collection.

Mr. John R. Mozley reprints from the *Yorkshire Post* certain verses which the events of the war have from time to time inspired him to compose, under the title **Seven Lyrics** (Heffer and Sons: 6d. net). They exhibit lofty sentiments combined with a competent mastery of metrical form.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

All serious thinkers on the future of industry in this land are agreed that the present haphazard and unfair wage-system cannot continue. It has been the fruitful source of unrest ever since the industrial revolution in the eighteenth century. Its fundamental fault consists in turning men into commercial machines and subordinating human personality to mere economic uses. How to remedy it is a question on which there is no such agreement, but the notion of re-establishing something like the old Craft Guilds with due regard to changed conditions is gaining more and more support. It is a "live" topic and that "live" organization, the Catholic Social Guild, has subjected it to a careful and discriminating analysis in its recently published pamphlet, the first of its new series of Special Studies, called **Guild Socialism** (C.S.G.: 6d. net) and written by Mr. Francis Goldwell. By the aid of this brilliant study Catholics will be able to discuss the subject intelligently, for the author shows himself alive to its dangers as well as to its advantages. At any rate they will learn here how far

Catholic principles are involved in this question and how they may and should be safeguarded. We should prefer the theory to be called the "National Guild System," so as to avoid the ill-sounding name "Socialism," although only the superficial thinker will find that a difficulty. It is to be hoped that this booklet will be widely circulated as a guide to true thinking and a prophylactic against error.

Catholics who have been affronted and disgusted with a perverse and ignorant attack on the Pope in the editorial pages of *John Bull* for May 25th will be glad to know that the enterprize of the Editor of the *Universe* has put within their reach a calm, dignified, well-reasoned and well-documented reply, "*John Bull*" and the Pope (Universe Office: 6 for 1s.), which should be given at least the circulation enjoyed by the attack. It will be specially useful abroad amongst our soldiers, who are cruelly handicapped by want of such rebuttals when, as often, they are insulted in the person of their spiritual Chief, and the Editor has opened a fund for its free distribution.

The phenomenal growth of the spiritual crusade conducted by the "Knights of the Blessed Sacrament" gives exceptional interest to the account of the movement published as a penny pamphlet by the C.T.S. And this pamphlet itself may be trusted to react upon the spread of the crusade for it is a stimulating record of a mighty work done for God by comparatively simple means. The pamphlet contains the form of the Crusade and the promises on his "word of honour" made by the Knight which centre upon devotion to our Lord in the Holy Eucharist. We hope that in the interests of chivalry a similar pamphlet will presently be devoted to the other half of the crusade which affects the pre-eminently "devout" sex.

The Catholic Mind for May (America Press, 2 issues: 5 cents each) contains Father Hull's searching and outspoken analysis of "Liberal Catholicism," the spirit that exalts personal independence at the expense of ecclesiastical authority. The essay pertinently points out the close analogy between the exercise of authority in Church and State, and shows the unfair standards by which the former is often judged. This criticism should have a wide circulation, for Liberal Catholicism is Modernism in germ. The series embraces also Father H. Woods' exposure of "Christian Science," a pestilent cult which, absurd and irrational as it is, is accepted by many in order to fill the void created by loss of faith.

Miss D. M. Hughes has written a short but timely paper, **Why I should Vote** (Catholic Suffrage Society: 1d.) pointing out the possibilities for good, temporal and spiritual, which the suffrage confers, and the consequent obligation on Catholic women to use this talent well and conscientiously. The same duty is discussed from another standpoint in Miss Margaret Fletcher's stirring address—**Catholic Women: the Ideals they stand for** (Bexhill Printing Co.: 3d.). These ideals are justice, morality, the sanctity of the family, the necessity of religion: which are not, we fear, the ideals of the average politician.

The first of what should prove a useful series of pamphlets, *Ce qu'un Catholique doit savoir*, issued by a French Committee attached to the *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, is an essay by Père J. de Tonquédec, *Une preuve facile de l'Existence de Dieu: l'ordre du Monde* (60 c.), which develops in masterly fashion the well-known Argument from Design.

Mgr. O'Riordan, Rector of the Irish College, Rome, whose famous book,

Catholicity and Progress in Ireland, has done so much to explain the distinctive *ethos* of the Irish race, sets forth in *The Mission of St. Patrick: a Witness to the Supernatural* (Gill and Sons: 6d.), a sermon preached on March 17th of this year, the abiding source of those national characteristics, viz., the Catholic faith so deeply rooted by the Apostle of Ireland. Its moral is that as the faith has preserved the race, so the race must preserve the faith even at the cost which its profession so often connotes, persecution and injustice.

Three little pamphlets from *La Bonne Presse* are adequately described by their titles and sufficiently recommended by the names of their authors. They are *L'oubli national de Dieu* (25 c.), by Bishop Tissier of Châlons, *Des Droits et des Devoirs des Catholiques* (15 c.), by Cardinal Maurin of Lyons, and *Le Pape et la Paix*, by Bishop Rumeau of Angers, which last-named gives a useful tabular comparison between the Pope's Note and the peace programmes of America and Great Britain.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice).

- AMERICA PRESS, New York.
The Catholic Mind. Vol. XVI. Nos. 9 and 10.
- BEAUCHESNE, Paris.
Le Saint Cœur de Marie. By J. V. Bainvel. Pp. xi. 360. Price, 4.80 fr. *Une preuve facile de l'Existence de Dieu*. By J. de Tonquédec. Pp. 30. Price, 0.50 fr. *La Vie Creatrice*. By Dom Hébrard. Pp. xxxix. 596. Price, 7.50 fr. *Fogazzaro*. By L. Genbani. Pp. 212. Price, 4.20 fr.
- BURNS & OATES, London.
Nigel and Other Verses. By Alys Jane Trotter. Pp. 47. Price, 2s. 6d. net.
- CATHOLIC SOCIAL GUILD, London.
Guild Socialism. By F. Goldwell. Pp. 48. Price, 6d. net.
- CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London.
The Knights of the Blessed Sacrament. 1d.
- CATHOLIC WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE SOCIETY, London.
Why I should vote. By D. M. Hughes, B.A. Pp. 9. Price, 1d.
- CHATTO & WINDUS, London.
Eminent Victorians. By Lytton Strachey. Pp. xiii. 309. Price, 10s. 6d. net.
- GILL & SON, Dublin.
The Mission of St. Patrick. By Mgr. O'Riordan. Pp. 41. Price, 6d.
- HEFFER & SONS, Cambridge.
Seven Lyrics. By J. R. Mozley. Pp. 14. Price, 6d. net. *Domini Noster*. By C. A. A. Scott. Pp. ix. 232. Price, 6s. net.
- KING & SON, London.
A Short Cut to a Splendid Peace. By Count Emmanuel Malynski. Pp. 42. Price, 1s. net.
- METHUEN, London.
Inasmuch. By John Oxenham. Pp. 27. Price, 6d. net.
- OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.
Henry Fitzalan Howard, Fifteenth Duke of Norfolk. Pp. 32 with portrait (Privately Printed).
- S.P.C.K., London.
The Missionary Work of the Church. Pp. 44. Price, 6d. net.
- SPOTTISWOODE & CO, London.
The Tragedy of Armenia. By H. Morgenthau. Pp. 16. Price, 3d. net.
- STANLEY GIBBONS, London.
Stamp Collections for War Museums. By F. J. Melville. Pp. 26. Price, 6d. net.
- UNIVERSE, London.
"John Bull" and the Pope. 2nd Impression. Price, 2d.
- WASHBOURNE, London.
Ancient Arundel. By M. D. Francis. Illustrated. Pp. vi. 125. Price, 2s. net.

